

Children's Newspaper, March 19, 1927

The New Number of the C.N. Monthly
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The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Weekly Companion of the Best-loved Magazine in the World

Number 417

Week Ending
MARCH 19, 1927

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny Every Thursday 2d.

THE C.N. GIVES AWAY ITS BIRTHDAY

A C.N. SOS

KEEPING A BIRTHDAY BY GIVING IT

A Little Peep of Paradise for
Half-a-Crown

AND A SPLENDID TIME FOR A FIVE-POUND NOTE

The daffodils are here again, and we remember that it is our birthday. We promised some time ago that we would give it away.

We have promised to give it to some poor children, and we have pledged our faith in the warm hearts of our readers. We are eight years old; we have come out about four hundred times; and we want a Five-Pound Note for every week the C.N. has appeared.

We have tried to put a little brightness into life, to send a heartbeat of goodwill to every land on Earth. Whatever things we have found that are good and true and beautiful we have sent about the world. We hope the world has been just a little happier, just a little kinder, since we came.

The Paradise

And now, to keep our eighth birthday, we want to do one small thing. There is a very happy little seaside house which some poor children call a Paradise. To them it is a Paradise, for it gives them perhaps the happiest days they have ever known. It rescues them from weakness and gives them strength. It gives them the garden and the sea, a home full of friends, and very often their first peep through the gateway of a happy world. About five hundred children knock every year at the door of this Paradise, and never one wants to go away. But go they must, for ever the long procession comes.

The thought of all these little ones lies heavy on our heart. We pray that not many C.N. readers may know such misery as falls to the lot of children who sicken in the slums of London. Life is sad enough when they are well. The home is crowded, the bedrooms are packed, the cupboard has never quite enough things in it, and the playground is an ugly street. A little one ill in such a place is about as much as a home in a slum can stand. The child must lie amid dreary squalor, with little chance of forgetting its aching bones, nothing to cheer the long night, nothing to comfort the long day.

Half-a-Crown for Half-an-Hour

The greatest blessing imaginable is the hospital when this time comes, and then it is that many a doctor says, on seeing a sad little child come in, "This is a case for our little Paradise. She must have sunshine and the sea, and those jolly nurses at Bexhill."

It is for this little Paradise that we have promised our birthday. We want to lift a millstone of debt and set this happy place upon its feet. It is

These Little Ones



The C.N. has given its birthday this year to little children like these from the slums



It will give them a few weeks like this in the sunshine by the sea if you will send us half-a-crown. See next column

the seaside convalescent home of the Queen's Hospital for Children in Hackney Road, London, founded long before the C.N. was born, and kept going for years by the readers of that bright paper Little Folks. For 17 years the readers of Little Folks have struggled to keep this Home at Little Common, Bexhill, and, hearing its SOS for money to carry on, the C.N. has offered it its birthday.

We want our birthday to run this home at Bexhill for one year. It is not very much to ask: *It is half-a-crown for half-an-hour.*

That is what it costs to keep this door wide open to the thirty or forty children who are always coming to it from the shameful slums of London.

Will you open this door for just half an hour?

Will you give a ticket for this Paradise to some little child?

The Editor has promised that you will send him half-a-crown; perhaps if you love the C.N. very much you will send him two.

It is not very much, but it will set these little ones singing. It will send new blood rushing through their veins and lift up their little hearts. It will give them a joy of life they have not known. It will be the coming true of their slum dreams. To you it is only half-a-crown; to us it is your way of saying *Dear C.N., Go on, and God be with you*; but to these little ones it is more than words can tell, for it is life and strength and all there is to live for in this most lovely world. **Arthur Mee**

All contributions to the C.N. Birthday Fund should be addressed:

C.N. Birthday,
Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4

They will be duly acknowledged.

EARTH'S BALANCE UPSET A LITTLE

A FOREST SINKS AND AN ISLAND RISES

Queer Event Between Mountain Heights and Ocean Depths

A CHILE DISTURBANCE

Near Copiapo, in Chile, a region where, owing to the steeply-rising mountains on the one hand and the deep Pacific Ocean on the other, the land rests insecurely on its foundations, a striking proof of this instability has just occurred.

Following a tremor of the earth which seemed to presage one of the earthquakes to which the inhabitants of Copiapo are no strangers a thunderous roar was heard, and a great wooded hill north of the Claro River sank slowly, as if the earth had opened to receive it.

When the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages had recovered, from their fear sufficiently to go near the spot it was to find that the hill and its forest had been swallowed up in a huge hoof-shaped opening nearly a mile long.

Like a Pair of Scales

This was not all: The river-bed of the Claro rose till where the stream had run appeared an island 300 feet long and 90 feet wide. Between where the hill had stood and the island had been born the surface of the earth seemed little changed except for a few earthquake fissures. It was as if one pan of an enormous pair of scales had sunk and another had arisen.

That, according to geological theory, is precisely what had happened, though Nature seldom affords such a remarkable demonstration of it. Geologists regard the masses of land on the Earth as in a state of balance, so that over large areas, as in Central Africa, when one slowly sinks another as slowly rises.

The action on so small a scale as at the Claro River is not often seen, but something of the same kind was visible when the Great Culebra Cut was being made for the Panama Canal. The removal of millions of tons of earth by the engineers actually made the bed of the canal rise in unwanted places as the balance was disturbed.

ONE MORE BIT OF THE WAR ENDS

The First Mine-Sweeping Flotilla, composed of seven vessels, is to be paid off, and the vessels are to be sold.

It is eight years since the last floating mine was sown in the Great War, and we have had mine-sweeping flotillas ever since! For eight years all who have gone down to the sea in ships have gone in fear of being sent to the bottom by mines sown by friend and foe, who made their peace in November, 1918, but could not so readily undo their deeds.

No phase of war is more barbarous than this sowing of mines, whose harvest can be neither limited nor controlled, and we are glad to hear the last of this flotilla

SURPRISE IN THE FISHERMAN'S NET

BRIGHTON AQUARIUM HAS A NEW VISITOR

Rare Catch of a Fish With Astonishing Powers

WASHED FROM HOME AND HOLD

By Our Natural Historian

A grim-looking creature with a large, owl-like head and a short, squat body created wonder and dismay in the nets of Newhaven fishermen the other day. Preserving their catch with care, and wisely taking it to the Aquarium at Brighton, they found that they had landed a lump-sucker.

That is the popular title of a fish which is so wonderfully adapted that its body has been enabled to change normal tissue into a sucker-disc by which it can hold fast to rocks, stones, or piles. The lump-sucker does not suck lumps or anything else; it clings in order that it may discharge the duties of nurse and incubator.

A Mass of Eggs

We sing a song in praise of the devotion of our sticklebacks, as they deserve; but the lump-sucker's feat is actually more wonderful. The female, of course, lays the eggs; so many that we do not yet know whether the thousands which constitute a "nest" are the product of one or of several lump-sucker ladies.

There is less doubt as to the operations of the father fish. Here are the multitudinous eggs before him, a mass a foot long, three parts that size in width and several inches deep, a solid mass of potential life, wedged into a crevice in the rocks off our coasts. He rams his head into the mass to admit water and cause depressions in the heap so that those in the centre shall not be overcrowded and "smothered."

The Trials of a Father

Then he mounts guard. With his fins he creates currents of water to bring fresh oxygen in contact with the eggs, and from time to time he squirts streams upon them. But lump-sucker eggs are tempting bait to crabs, lobsters, and starfish, and the valiant nurse must do battle with each in turn. His teeth are not the biggest in the world, but let a human hand intrude into the nest and the fish will do battle with a man, and bite so as to draw blood.

Even that cannot be the lump-sucker's most terrifying trial; the eggs are so placed that as the tide runs out he, if he is to remain on guard, must cling to the rock half in, half out, of water, exposed to enemies of whose existence he had no knowledge before he undertook to overlook the hatching of the eggs of his kind.

From Arctic to Antarctic

Sometimes, as the newcomer at Brighton proves, he is caught unready, and a great sea washes him from his home and hold. But if all goes well the eggs ultimately hatch; the baby fish recognise their sire, and anchor themselves to him. Away he goes, towing a bewildering family of lump-sucker infants with him.

The life seems a hard and hazardous one for lump-sucker fathers, but these fish have signally succeeded in the rôle assigned them by Nature, for we find them in all cold waters, from the Arctic, down through our own North Sea, away to the Pacific, and right down to the Antarctic. They have travelled during their life-history as far as fish may go between the Poles. Yet so well do they keep to their element that when one comes ashore by accident in a net it is so much a curiosity and wonder that it is mentioned in the C.N. as if it had dropped from some strange sea on some far-distant planet.

E. A. B.

ENGLISH TO THE RESCUE

A Little Story of a Piece of Bacon

The Liverpool Court had an amusing experience the other day.

It is never easy to deal with the waifs and strays of all nations who enter our great seaports, and it is particularly difficult sometimes when they are charged with stealing a piece of bacon.

The man stood in the dock and the court officials gazed at him. They could see he was not English and he appeared to have lost his tongue. He looked round in patient resignation, wondering what was going to happen. Was he going to be thrust into a dungeon, or charged an enormous sum of money which he could not pay? Already he felt the bacon was not worth it.

Interpreters at Work

The two court interpreters, who had evidently been brought up in the Tower of Babel, regarded him with professional eyes, and, remembering that French had been the Court language of Europe for many centuries, one said to him in French: "You are charged with stealing a piece of bacon."

The dark-faced foreigner shook his head. There was silence in the court. The magistrate leaned back and waited for the word bacon to become intelligible to the man in the dock. Several European languages were tried on the prisoner in nice little speeches that had nothing to do with bacon but were intended to lead up to it, and the people in the court began to have an idea that the world was wide.

As Spanish came to the front a gleam of dawning intelligence came into the man's eyes, and died again. Portuguese came next, and the gleam reappeared. A sound of triumph came into the interpreters' voices. The bacon was getting warm.

The Last Resort

They tried a mixture of Spanish and Portuguese, and the prisoner in the dock scratched his head in perplexity. Here was something which, had it been said differently, he might have hoped with a little practice to understand. He was an Asiatic who had been brought up on Spanish-Portuguese of a certain kind; but it was not this kind. He settled down into an attitude of resigned patience again. It was not his job to help the learned gentlemen who were talking to him and at him. The proceedings came to a dead halt. The man must be remanded, said one of the interpreters. We cannot spend all the morning teaching him how to say bacon.

Suddenly the magistrate leaned forward. "Do you speak English?" he rapped out.

"Why, yes," the man replied.

A sigh ran through the room and the officials returned to their task.

"You are charged with stealing a piece of bacon."

It was all clear sailing now. The prisoner answered several questions and then paid ten shillings for his bacon.

FRANCE AND HER COAL

Better But Not Best

France, still a large importer of coal, has had her record year of production from her home collieries, over 52 million tons.

The average daily production in December was 185,000 tons, nearly 50,000 tons more than before the war, 20,000 tons coming from Alsace-Lorraine. But the average daily production per man has fallen by about one sixth, so that men are not working so hard as before the war.

AN EVIL THAT HAS PASSED AWAY

BEDS FOR ALL WHO COME

Misery of Other Days Now Gone for Ever

THE REWARD OF NOBLE WORK

There is no foundation for the statement that hundreds of women tramp the streets of London nightly looking for shelter.

So says the Medical Officer of Health to the London County Council, and it is news that is good to hear.

Our fathers can remember a time when thousands of Londoners, men and women, had not where to lay their heads. It was hard to be happy in our comfortable beds and think of the outcasts of the Embankment and the railway arch and the doorstep, whose all too fitful slumbers were interrupted all too often by the flash of the policeman's lantern and the stern order to move on.

The Vacant Beds

But a great host of good men and women have been at work since then, helping and reclaiming these human waifs and strays, and, above all, stemming the supply of new recruits to their ranks. More and more cheap lodging-houses have been provided till there is room for all who would go to them, and better and better ways have been found for teaching people to make a good living and helping them to insure against bad times. Even for those who cannot pay a few coppers for a bed refuges have been provided, where not only food and rest, but help and counsel in making a new start, can be had.

And now these good workers have their reward in the testimony of London's medical officer that there are, and long have been, beds to spare for all. When a census was taken one night last November there were 275 vacant beds for women and 2345 for men in lodging-houses making a small charge, apart from other vacant beds in free shelters and casual wards.

Work of a Generation

It is good to know that the total accommodation in common lodging-houses is steadily diminishing, for the happy reason that less is needed. When the control of these lodging-houses was put in the hands of the County Council a generation ago there were nearly four times as many as now, and while there was accommodation then for 30,000 there is room for only 17,000 now. And even now, on an average, eight beds for women out of every hundred are unoccupied, and 15 out of every hundred for men.

There still remain a few poor creatures who cannot help themselves, and will not submit themselves to effective help from others, and for these no shelters will avail. They are outcasts by their own sad choice. But it is one of the most encouraging things to know that this work for the despairing has been so effective, and it is due to those who have worked to bring about a better state of things that they should have their reward of appreciation.

FIVE LANGUAGES IN FIVE MINUTES

A curious thing was noted the other day about a king.

One day while staying at Nice the King of Denmark was asked by an American visitor to let him take a snapshot of him. The King agreed, speaking in English. Then he turned to the hotel proprietor and said something to him in French. Next he spoke to the chauffeur who was to drive him and gave him directions, first in Danish, then in German, and finally in Italian.

The King had spoken five languages in five minutes!

MOTHER'S DAY

The Best People in the World

For centuries in the English Church there has been a peculiar significance attached to the fourth Sunday in Lent, which falls this year on March 27. It is known as Mothering Sunday.

Of late years the festival has happily been revived, and a new custom has risen to meet it among many people who are not interested in Church traditions. The followers of the old custom keep up their Mothering Sunday in mid-Lent; the others are setting out to create a tradition of Mother's Day in mid-May.

The tradition of Mothering Day has its roots in the earliest faiths of the world. The pagan festival in honour of the mother of the gods had not been forgotten when Christianity spread over the civilised world. The Great Mother was always to be worshipped. Soon the word became another name for Jerusalem "the mother of us all." The next development was a Remembrance Day for the mother church of a district. On Mothering Sunday the clergy and congregation of smaller churches used to go in a procession to the mother church and make offerings.

Simmel Cakes Are Good

Mothering cakes are still made in many parts of England. In the North the mothering cakes are called Simmel Cakes, and very good they are!

This most human custom has outlived many other changes. It was greatly loved in old England. The proverb "Who goes a-mothering finds violets in the lane" grew up. One of Herrick's prettiest verses says:

I'll to thee a Simmel bring
'Gainst thou go'st a-mothering,
So that, when she blesses thee,
Half that blessing thou'll give me.

It is good to think that this charming custom is not allowed to die, and, under whatever name it is known, a day set apart in honour of mothers must surely become one of the greatest days in the world. Mother's Day is already one of the red-letter days in the American Calendar. It is looked forward to by children old and young who have saved a few pennies or a few shillings to buy a token. They remember especially then many of the lovely things that have been said about mothers, and we have no doubt that many of them choose this old saying as the best:

God could not be everywhere, and therefore He made mothers.

THINGS SAID

The Canadians are mad on films.

Mr. Matheson Lang

No other part of England can match the beauties of Worcestershire.

The Prime Minister

We have only two natural resources: Brain and Coal.

A Peer

We cannot have the Golden Age until we get golden-hearted people.

United Methodist President

Apart from parasites there is practically no disease in wild life.

Professor Arthur Thomson

Every nation has its War Department. No nation ever thought of having a Peace Department.

Love of country must never be perverted into love of ourselves.

The Prime Minister

The little nations are going to be the foundation of Europe.

Mr. Lloyd George

One of the sinister things about war is that it is run on lies.

A writer in the British Weekly

The service and punctuality on British railways are unequalled in the world.

Signor Caprotti

Even Milton whipped his scholars till the neighbours protested.

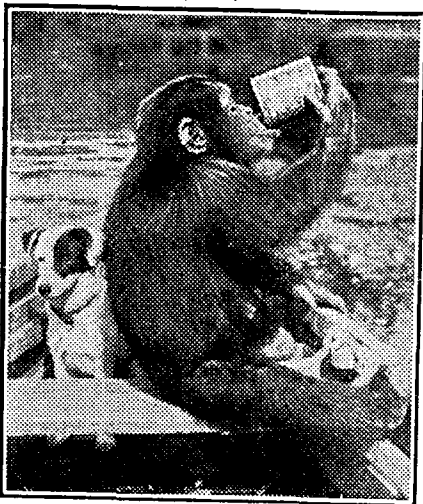
Mr. John Derry

March 19, 1927

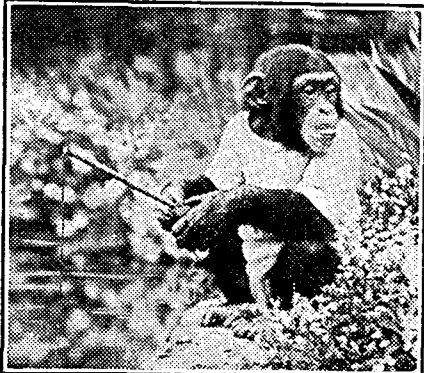
The Children's Newspaper

3

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A CHIMPANZEE



Mary drinks from a tin



Mary fishes in the stream



Mary turns bricklayer



Mary teaches Tommy to beg



Mary uses the hose-pipe

These pictures show scenes in the daily life of Mary, Mr. Cherry Kearton's wonderful chimpanzee, and her little playmate, Tommy, the terrier. See next column

MARY APE STORIES OF A THREE-YEAR-OLD

Mr. Cherry Kearton Tells Us
of Another Pet

HIS HAPPY FAMILY

A boy of eleven, waiting for tea in the house of a friend, heard someone discussing her pranks, and thought the voice was that of a little girl. Soon afterwards the tea bell rang and Mary came in, wearing her afternoon jumper.

If she lacked facial beauty she had great charm of manner. Unlike that notorious boy Fidgety Phil, she sat quite still in her chair at table, eating daintily, passing her mug for more milk, and waiting patiently for cake until she was offered some. It was rather wonderful, for Mary is only three, and she is a chimpanzee.

There are few human children of Mary's age who can do what she does. Mary brushes her own hair, washes and dresses herself, sweeps a room, unlocks a door, waters the lawn with a garden hose, rows a boat, and lays bricks. She has taught herself all these accomplishments by copying men, but it must be pointed out that her bricklaying methods are partly original, for Mary carries the mortar in her mouth and applies it with her tongue instead of with a trowel.

Mary to the Rescue

Mary is much more than an imitative ape. She has twice shown what can only be called presence of mind. Once when a child was threatened by a bull, and human rescuers were struggling to surmount a high fence, she rushed up armed with a home-made fishing-rod, and gave the bull such a thrashing that he turned and fled. Then Mary tried to carry the child to safety, but the baby was far more frightened of her rescuer than of the bull, and Mary's owner arrived just in time to save her from screaming herself into a fit.

One evening Mary refused to go to bed, like many a human child. She climbed to the roof, and a boy climbed after her, contrary to orders. He slipped and fell to a lower roof, spraining an ankle badly. The poor boy was almost fainting from the pain and was in danger of falling to the stone courtyard below. Human rescuers tried in vain to reach him.

A Delightful Book

Suddenly Mary realised that he was in pain, and instantly the affectionate little ape forgot her rebellion. Walking where no man could get a foothold, she half-lifted and half-dragged the boy down the tiles to the men at the top of the ladder, and probably saved his life.

Now we realise why we should know Mary. Mr. Cherry Kearton introduces her with her playmates, Tommy a fox terrier and Robin a mongoose, in his new book, *My Happy Family*, published by Arrowsmith at 5s. With *My Friend Toto* and *My Dog Simba* it should be on every animal-lover's bookshelf, for Mr. Kearton is one of those rare people who can write about dumb creatures with understanding, humour, and truth. Needless to say, the illustrations are delightful, and if anyone can resist the photographs of Mary fishing and Mary writing her memoirs he must be a dismal man indeed.

Pictures on this page

9000 FISH Why They Were Put Into a River

Last summer thousands of fish were poisoned in the River Aln in Northumberland by the accidental pouring of a quantity of creosote into the river.

Now a large sum of money has been raised for restocking it. A thousand two-year-old brown trout were put into the river the other day, and eight thousand more are to follow.

THE SECRET THAT SAVED PARIS

TALE OF A MUTINY

What Might Have Happened
if the Enemy Had Known

THOUSANDS WHO DID NOT TELL

It is often said that a secret cannot be kept from the world in these days. It seems that that is not true.

When the portentous attack which General Nivelle, the French Commander-in-Chief in 1917, launched on a sixty-mile front had dashed itself to fragments against the German positions a strange and terrifying thing happened. In the French Army, which had borne with such fortitude the long agony of Verdun, mutiny broke out. Mr. Churchill has told the story in his new book, which has just been published by Mr. Thornton Butterworth.

Like Fire in Straw

There was excuse for the distracted soldiery. The attack was ill-planned, the sacrifice was useless. It seemed too much to men who had paid for defeat without hope of victory. It was the last straw.

Like fire in straw, the mutiny ran up and down the line. The sternest measures to quell it did not stamp it out. It died down only when the Commander-in-Chief was withdrawn and his place taken by General Pétain. General Pétain could do no more than mark time for the rest of 1917. To some observers, holding their breath in apprehension, it seemed that France was out of the war. The danger lasted for months. It was the strangest reversal that could have been imagined of the spirit which had sustained France in her tribulation.

A Well-Kept Secret

Thousands of soldiers knew of it in both armies, British and French. It was known in Paris and was spoken of openly, and it was known there that the German Army could get through if it launched a new attack. It was known nearly all over France. It was known by many in England. It is almost impossible to suppose that the Germans knew nothing of it.

Yet such secrecy did the men who knew maintain, never writing of it, never permitting a word to get into print, that the Germans never learned or never understood that they might have got to Paris, and the war might have ended quite differently.

It is one of the most remarkable examples in history of a dangerous secret that was kept though there were thousands to tell it.

THE GERRY SOCIETY Father of the S.P.C.C.

The father of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has just died.

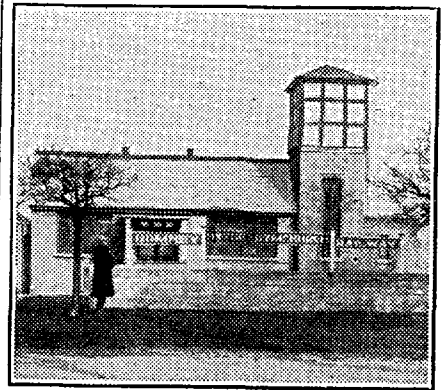
Elbridge Thomas Gerry was grandson of a Vice-President of the United States, and was himself a brilliantly-successful lawyer. He owned a yacht and loved sailing. He had sons and daughters. But he devoted most of his life to helping children, animals, and prisoners.

In 1874 he was one of the founders of the New York S.P.C.C., the first of its kind. Americans usually call it the Gerry Society. He acted as its counsel for years, and owing to his efforts much merciful legislation was passed.

This great humanitarian was born in the year the Victorian Era began, and he would be alive now but for a fall in which he broke a hip.

One of Mr. Gerry's sons is Senator for Rhode Island, and carries on the family tradition.

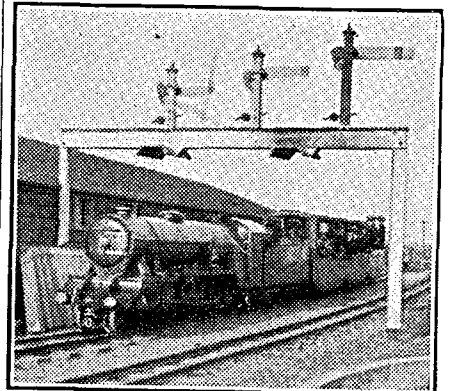
A NEW RAILWAY BY THE SEA



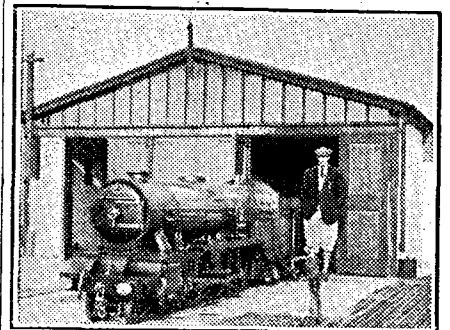
The station at New Romney



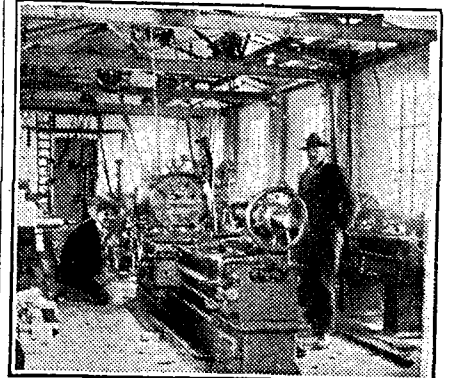
A little signal-box



One of the miniature trains



A locomotive leaving its shed



A scene in the repair shop

Kent's new miniature railway, now being built from New Romney to Hythe, has locomotives one-third the size of ordinary engines and rails only 15 inches apart

THE MOTHER OF CHEOPS

WHERE SHE HAS LAIN FOR CENTURIES

The Hidden Door in the Rock Near the Pyramid

HOW THEY FOUND IT

Some time ago the C.N. was speaking of the discoveries made concerning a great woman who lived about sixty centuries ago.

She was Hetepheres, mother of Cheops the Pyramid-builder, and was the most important woman in Egypt, and probably in the world, during the reign of her son. Now we have from Dr. Reisner, who has been conducting the American Expedition, the story of the finding of the tomb, written for The Times, from which we take it.

Railway Laid Over a Tomb

Since 1902 the excavators have been patiently working, hoping against hope for some such discovery to reward their labours. They had found so many tombs which had been looted and ruined by thieves long ago that it seemed extremely unlikely that an untouched tomb could be found. Yet all the time they had been walking over it! They had even laid a light railway over it!

The tomb lies in a great colony of houses of the dead at Gizeh, of which until comparatively late years the world had known nothing except the famous Pyramids. Here were fields of tombs arranged in splendour like a city, with streets and open spaces. East of the Pyramid of Cheops was a magnificent funeral temple which has disappeared altogether and can now only be traced by its foundations. Near the entrance were the tombs of the queens of Cheops, which stood facing an avenue 18 yards wide. The excavators called it Queen Street. To the east of this avenue lies a series of tombs of the children of Cheops. It was near these that the secret tomb of the Pyramid-builder's mother was found.

A Smear of Plaster

It is just two years since the first hint of a secret tomb. A photographer taking a view near Queen Street noticed a smear of white plaster in the wall of debris through which they had cut down to reach the original ground-level. That smear of plaster led to the finding of the tomb where Cheops had hidden his dear mother's remains and treasures.

The earth was cleared carefully away until the rest of the plaster was visible. This was found to cover an opening in the solid limestone of the plateau, carefully filled up with limestone blocks. Piece by piece these were removed. The last exposed a stairway of twelve steps which led to a short tunnel. At the end of the tunnel was an upright shaft filled with the same kind of blocks. The shaft went both up and down.

After Five Thousand Years

The next task was to find its mouth in the surface above. With intense delight the excavators traced it, and discovered it most skilfully hidden and filled with stones that looked just like the rest of the surface. For five thousand years that shaft had been tramped over by thieves, by warring tribes, and by explorers.

With infinite care the shaft was opened up. As the men got farther down into the narrow pit their excitement grew. Ten yards down they found a door in the shaft wall, but it was only the entrance of a little chamber and held nothing but the bones of animals and a few jars. Down and down they went. The stones had to be carried up in baskets slung on ropes and turned over pulleys at the top. At length they came to the line of a roof; they had reached the chamber of the dead, after working their way down a shaft which had been cut down for about 100 feet. At the end of all this journeying the tomb was found to be empty.

300 PICTURES FOR EVERY HOUSE

World's Art Treasures for the People

12 MASTERPIECES A FORTNIGHT

A splendid new way of collecting pictures at a cost of a little over a penny a day is offered by a new art work called The World's Famous Pictures.

Each part of this superb work will contain twelve famous paintings faithfully reproduced by the latest and richest photogravure process, in addition to one free plate in full colours. The complete work will contain about 300 masterpieces, selected by three leading Art Critics from the public and private art galleries of the world.

The First Part, on sale everywhere today, contains photogravure reproductions of twelve masterpieces:

The Knight Errant	Millais
Peasant Boys	Murillo
Charles the First	Van Dyck
Duchess of Devonshire & Her Baby	Reynolds
Carmencita	Sargent
Spring	Botticelli
Sir Victor & Donor	Maitre de Moulins
The Dance of the Nymphs	Corot
Marquess Alexander del Borro	Velasquez
A Duet	Terborg
Lady Tasting Wine	Vermeer
Island of the Dead	Böcklin

A Fine Colour Plate

There is also in this part a fine free plate in colours of Anna Lea Merritt's painting Love Locked Out, now in the Tate Gallery, and also a double-page folding-plate in photogravure of The Procession of Cimabue's Madonna by Lord Leighton. Such value has rarely been offered before. Every picture-lover will delight in this beautiful production.

The demand for The World's Famous Pictures is likely to be so great that purchasers should secure their copies without delay. Owing to the excessive care which must be exercised in the printing of such a work a considerable time must elapse before it would be possible to print new editions. No finer means of collecting a Picture Gallery of your own could be devised than a subscription to this work. The price of each fortnightly part is 1s. 3d. only.

JOY OUT OF PAIN

The Hero at the Piano

A brave thing was done, unguessed, by Leopold Godowsky the other day.

M. Godowsky is a famous Russian pianist who made his first appearance at the age of nine and is now 56. He has travelled round the world, delighting people of all races by his music, and the other day he was advertised to appear in England after an absence of thirteen years. His reputation ensured a packed hall, and everyone was eager to hear him.

But shortly before the day came M. Godowsky's hands were crushed in a lift. They healed fairly well except for the two little fingers, which became poisoned. It was agony to use them and they were greatly swollen. But M. Godowsky would not disappoint his audience, or even modify the programme. He played without wincing, delighting his hearers, and no one knew of the pain he was suffering all the time.

INSECTS AND THE BUILDING LAWS

White ants have caused such damage to buildings in certain United States Pacific Coast cities that the building laws have had to be changed to combat the ravages of the insects.

The regulations now provide that all woodwork in contact with the ground must either be treated with proper chemicals to keep off the ants or be completely protected by metal or some other substance which they are unable to penetrate.

CHANTICLEER

A NEW VERSE OR TWO FOR CHAUCER

What a Guard Heard and Saw on His Train

THE STATIONMASTER'S HENS

Chaucer should be living now, for the merriest of all his poems, that concerning great Chanticleer and his hen Dame Partlet, is in need of an addition.

Chanticleer, as our old poet called him, has been, with his lady loves, rioting in prodigal adventures. At dead of night, as a train was waking the echoes on its journey through Denbighshire, the guard, putting his head out of his van as they ran through a station, detected noises which no well-conducted train should give forth. We live in an age of railway robberies, so at the next stopping-place the guard left his post, took his lamp and a cudgel, and went to investigate the interior of a freight van.

Voluntary Captives

As he did so there was a cluck of scolding and a clarion shout of defiance. He opened the van with caution, and beheld the new Chanticleer and his family of modern Partlets. There were six hens and their lord, making merry with certain sacks of barley!

They had made acquaintance with the sacks some hours earlier. Owned by a stationmaster miles down the line, they had explored while the van was being loaded, had found fare they liked well, had remained unseen, and become voluntary captives; and here they were, in the middle of the night, cheerfully impetuous, upon the scene and substance of their banquet.

A Cockerel's Dream

Had they dreamed, like old Chanticleer, on the unaccustomed journey? Had they awakened in a fright, and had Chanticleer, like his predecessor in Chaucer, aroused the scorn of Mistress Partlet by telling the story of his vision and been scolded by her for his folly and timidity? Perhaps not, for things are not the same today as in the poet's great drama of the cottage garden, when, as he is careful to tell us:

Thilke tyme, as I have understonde,
Beestes and briddes koude speke and synge.

Very learnedly, too, they must have talked, as we see from the fact that chiding little Partlet quotes an ancient author to her lord to prove that there is no excuse for paying heed to such foolish fancies as dreams; and she is answered with equal learning by Chanticleer, two instances for her one, to show beyond all doubt that a cockerel's dream is a serious omen and portent in the world of birds and bogies.

End of the Adventure

But we shall never know what this modern Chanticleer said to his Partlets on the journey as their awful world-on-wheels roared away into the night and shook and terrified them with its speed and motion. If he dreamed, like old Chanticleer, of Fate and seizure his vision was verified, though with happy result. He and his partners were now captured, clapped into a basket, and sent down the line to their coop at the stationmaster's house.

What a tale of marvel, terror, and amazement they must have had to tell if only the ears of Chaucer could have been near listening-in!

Pronunciations in This Paper

Antares	An-ta-reez
Botticelli	Bot-tee-chel-lee
Cheops	Kee-ops
Cimabue	Chee-mah-booy
Copiapo	Ko-pe-ah-po
Culebra	Koo-lay-brah
Kauri	Kah-oo-re

CHANGING THE EMPIRE MAP

THE BIG FIGHT FOR 100,000 SQUARE MILES

Newfoundland Wins the Great Territory of Labrador

MOMENTOUS JUDGMENT

A long and hard battle for a hundred thousand square miles of territory, said to be worth fifty million pounds, has just been fought and won between two of Britain's daughter nations.

Though the fight has cost between two and three hundred thousand pounds it has been fought with the utmost good temper throughout, and victor and vanquished remain good friends at the end.

The final field of battle was the King's Privy Council in London, and the greatest lawyers in the Empire made the award. Canada and Newfoundland are sovereign States, but they deemed it no reflection on their independence to ask the Mother Country to judge between them.

What is a Coast?

The subject of dispute was Labrador, the huge peninsula which forms the easternmost part of the continent of British North America. When France ceded her North American possessions to Britain in 1763 Britain placed under the control of Newfoundland "all that coast of Labrador from the River St. John's to Hudson's Straits." But she did not say what she meant by coast.

Nobody knew, and for over a century nobody cared, for in those days the only thing that interested people about Labrador was its fisheries; and there were plenty of other places for people to settle in for many a long day. But two things Labrador has in great abundance, trees and water-power, and where trees and water-power are wood pulp for paper can be made. It was the huge increase in the world's consumption of paper that awoke people to the importance of Labrador.

Privy Council's Decision

So for over twenty years Canada and Newfoundland have been trying to settle together the boundaries of Labrador; till finally they agreed on terms of arbitration for the Privy Council. Canada contended that coast meant coast and nothing more, but that Newfoundland might reasonably have a strip of land a mile deep behind it. Newfoundland, on the other hand, urged that in international law the occupation of a sea coast carried with it the right to the territory drained by rivers emptying themselves on the coast.

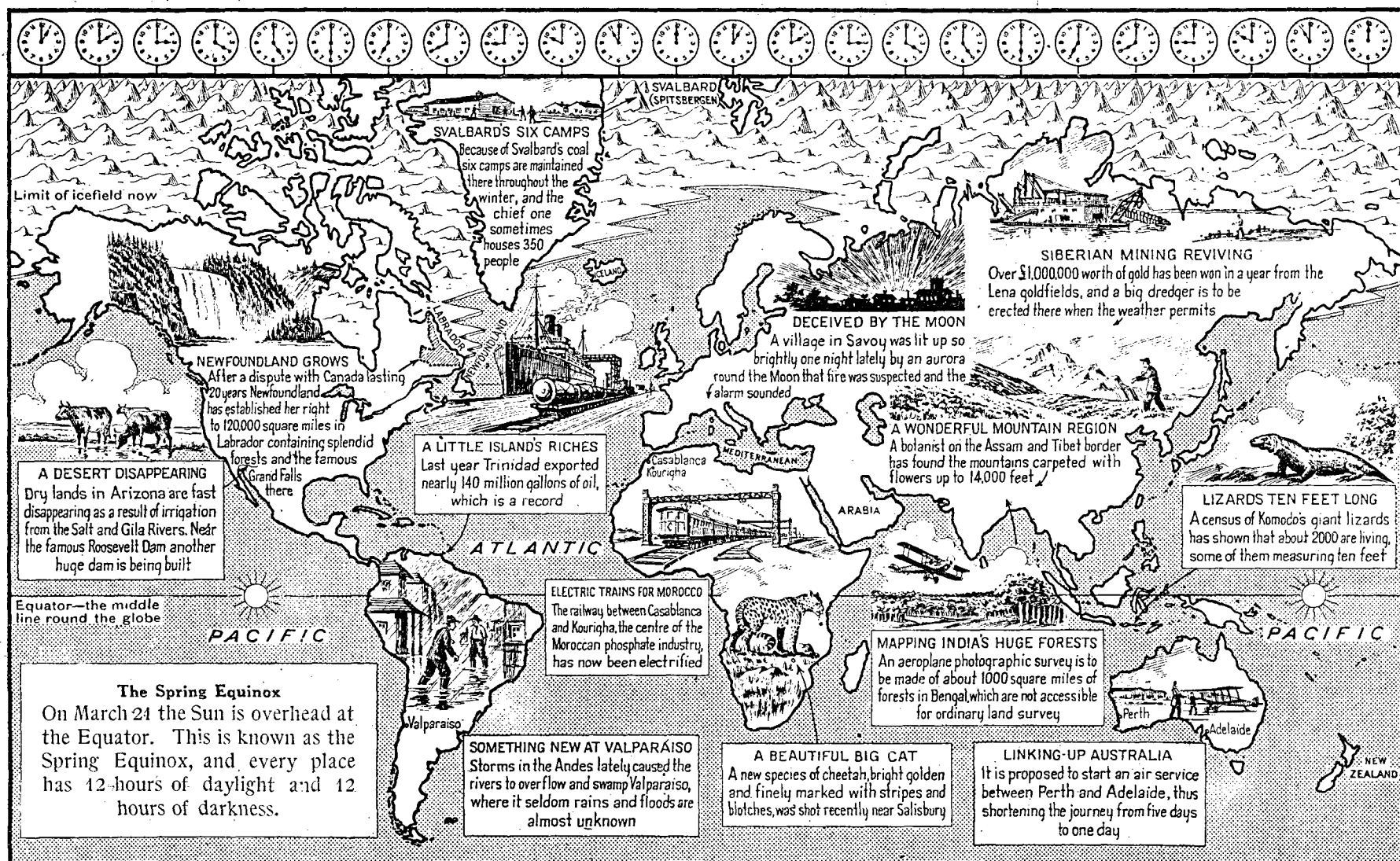
That is the principle which has been accepted by the Privy Council, but there have been difficulties in applying it. Newfoundland does not now own quite "all that coast from the St. John's to Hudson's Straits." The St. John's referred to is now the River Romaine. It empties itself into the Gulf of St. Lawrence opposite Anticosti Island. But a hundred years ago Canada was given back the St. Lawrence River frontage, a division between the coast possessions of the two colonies being made near the strait separating Newfoundland from Labrador. This division was carried back inland to latitude 52.

The New Frontier

The Privy Council says this division cannot be altered, but it makes the new frontier run westward along latitude 52 from this point till it reaches the River Romaine. Then it runs northward up the river to its source, and from there along the watershed separating the eastward-flowing rivers from the rest of the country right up to Cape Chidley on Hudson Strait.

Neither side has got really all it wanted, though Newfoundland has enormously the better of it. Now we shall all have to recolour our maps of British North America. See World Map

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



COCKATOO AND POLLY Tales of Missing Birds

All Berkshire has been interested in a white cockatoo which has been living for months in a rookery near Strathfield-saye Park. Rooks usually attack other birds, but perhaps they felt it would be unwise to challenge one with such a beak as the cockatoo's, and they all live peacefully together in the elm trees.

It has now been discovered that the cockatoo was once the pet of a lady in Hampshire, and that it has been missing since September. Though once very tame, it has now become as wild as its comrades of the rookery, and will evidently never return to the cage.

Of course it is remarkable that the bird should have survived the wintry weather after being used to a warm house, but the case is not without parallel. For two winters a white cockatoo haunted Wimbledon Common, and, like the Reading bird, lodged with the rooks. Residents say she often quarrelled with the rooks and always got the best of the battle, but she has not been seen for twelve months.

A year ago a lady living in Tunbridge Wells was in her snow-covered garden when she was astonished to see a small green parrot perched on a tree. It refused to be caught, but became a regular visitor, and used to feed with the starlings. The lady was not altogether sorry when it disappeared, for it used to wake her at 6.30 every morning by screeching from a tree which grew near her window.

We know an aged parrot that once ran away and, like many another truant was sorry afterwards. Her owner found her in a hayfield utterly dismal, and when she was captured the bird showed her delight by showering kisses on the lady she had deserted. The vast skies and unfamiliar spaces had evidently terrified her, and in spite of open windows she has never flown away again.

THE DOOMED ALPINE VILLAGE Hall and Hospital Overwhelmed

There have been further landslides at the mountain village of Roquebillière, 30 miles north of Nice.

Last November a landslide killed 20 people and broke up the municipal hall and the hospital; now the new landslide has buried these buildings, and practically the whole village has been submerged.

As all the survivors of the last catastrophe sought shelter elsewhere and did not return no lives were lost this time.

SUMMER TIME Agreeing at Last

France and Belgium have agreed to begin and end Summer Time on the same dates as Britain.

For France this means the loss of the extra daylight for a full fortnight of the time originally decided on. The English dairy farmer has much to answer for.

The change will be made in the three countries at midnight on April 9, and the return to ordinary Western European Time at 2 a.m. on October 2. Holland begins Summer Time on May 15 and ends it with her Western neighbours.

THREE MEN WHO WILL NOT GROW OLD

The Vale of Belvoir, which claims to have produced more centenarians than any other place of similar size, is very proud of its three centenarians, Mr. William Walker, who is 105, Mr. George Cant, who is 103, and Dr. J. M. Swain, who is just 100.

Until now Mr. Cant has continued working on his farm, but he is retiring at the end of March, when the lease expires on his smallholding. Up to a few months ago Dr. Swain attended his patients at Long Clawson, where he has practised for 60 years.

VICTOR INDEED The Driver Who Knew What To Do

Victor George Tee is a peace-time hero whom we should all honour.

More than once during the war a soldier saved his comrade's life by seizing a hand grenade which had been flung into the trench without exploding. Tee prevented a terrible fire by doing something of the sort. He is a lorry driver in Portsmouth Dockyard. One day he had to take his lorry with a load to Devonport, and broke the journey at Exeter. While the lorry was standing in a garage it caught fire.

A quantity of petrol was stored in the garage, and soon there would have been a frightful disaster which would have wrecked the neighbouring shops and taken many lives. But Tee jumped to the driver's seat and drove the burning lorry into the open. He took the risk of being burned to death, but luckily he escaped severe injuries.

Admiral Thesiger has made him a presentation on behalf of the Admiralty, and all the dockyard is proud of his cool courage.

A DOCTOR RINGS UP HIS PATIENT

The other day a man in America called in a doctor.

The doctor was in Paris, and could not leave his other patients long enough to make the voyage to America, so he came to England instead. It sounds like an Irish bull, but of course the French doctor came to England to use the transatlantic telephone, the French service not working yet.

Dr. Imbert, the French specialist, was connected at 2.30, and after a brief conversation with the sick man who had been treated by him in Paris the doctor held a consultation with the man's American physicians. For the first time men of science living in different hemispheres talked together of how they could save a man's life.

THE PLACE TENNYSON LOVED Hundreds of Beautiful Acres for the Nation

FINE GIFT BY THE POET'S SON

Lord Tennyson has made a fine gift to the nation in memory of his world-famous father.

High above Freshwater Bay in the Isle of Wight stands a cross set up by English and American admirers of the poet, commanding one of the finest views in England. The land it occupies is Crown property, for the cross was preceded by a beacon which warned sailors of the treacherous Needle Rocks in the days before lighthouses. But all around the cross the land belongs to Lord Tennyson, and this, 550 acres in all, he has now given to the National Trust for the free enjoyment of the people for ever.

It was near here, at Farringford, that Tennyson spent the best years of his life:

Where, far from noise and smoke of town,
I watch the twilight falling brown
All round a careless-ordered garden
Close to the ridge of a noble down.

And a noble down it is, surmounting cliffs 500 feet high and commanding views of the Channel, the Solent, half the Isle of Wight, and much of the mainland too. As we walk here, on downs that are now our own, we shall be able to picture the poet walking with his nurse, as he often used to in his old days, enjoying the thrilling beauty of the land he loved so well. *Picture on page 7*

Last Month's Weather

LONDON	RAINFALL
Hours of sun . . . 34	Southampton 3.50 ins.
Total rainfall 3.38 ins.	Dublin . . . 2.36 ins.
Wet days . . . 14	Stornoway . . 2.12 ins.
Dry days . . . 14	Cranwell . . . 1.49 ins.
Warmest days . . 22, 28	Liverpool . . 1.14 ins.
Coldest day . . . 11th	Edinburgh . . 1.14 ins.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MARCH 19 1927

A Gentleman

A GENTLEMAN never perspires. So said Beau Brummell, the most famous of dandies. If Beau Brummell was right then most of us (we hope all of us) are not gentlemen. But Beau Brummell (let us say it courteously but firmly) was wrong; gentlemen may, and do, perspire.

We like this description of a gentleman better:

It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say that he is one who never gives pain. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender toward the bashful, gentle toward the distant, and merciful toward the absurd. He makes light of favours when he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring.

These characteristics of a gentleman are given by Cardinal Newman, and we begin to see what it is that makes such a man. It has nothing to do with rank; it can be possessed by men who perspire; it is found in all races and in all ages. A gentleman never forgets others; he never inflicts pain; his eyes are on all his company.

A gentleman puts more into the world than he takes out. We do not know who said this first, but he was right. We must take something out of the world; we receive great gifts in the love of home, in the teaching which is given to us, in the good start we have. Good health, a pleasant home, a fine school, an opening in business—all these things we take out of the world.

Now, a gentleman is one who does not say "These things are my right; it is no more than my due that I should have such a splendid start while others are left behind." He says, rather, "Others have toiled for me; my parents, my school, my country, have given me riches I have not earned. I am going to pay back. I have taken out much; I am trying to put in more."

If we have a better education than others we are in debt to the world, and must pay our debt by helping others. If we have a chance and grow rich we have to see what we can do to make the life of others richer. Only so can we attain to the honour of being a gentleman.

When Edmund Spenser set out to describe his perfect knight he had always before his mind the noble figure of Sir Philip Sidney. He was the knightly warrior in whose character were found all the grace of chivalry, all the self-control of the true gentleman, and all his devotion to the service of others. What is a gentleman? We shall not be far wrong if we remember the Red Cross Knight of Holiness in The Faerie Queene and Philip Sidney, that true knight whose character shines with wonderful radiance across the centuries.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Housekeeper at White House

THE housekeeper at the American President's White House has been writing her reminiscences. She has quite an excellent way of summing up impressions, and this is one of the things she says:

Taft was the best-natured President.
Wilson was the kindest President.
Harding was the best-dressed President.
Coolidge saves the most money.

Mrs. Taft was the tiniest First Lady of the Land.

The first Mrs. Wilson was the most motherly.
The second Mrs. Wilson was the most affectionate.

Mrs. Harding had the loveliest clothes.

Mrs. Coolidge is ostensibly the happiest.

We seem to like them all, which is as it should be.

A Success Not Yet Complete

WE read that Prohibition has not done all that was expected of it. We have read the same of Parliament, and Democracy, and the Church, and Evolution, and Shakespeare, and the Board of Education. And at least the Prohibition Law is as well kept as the law against stealing, which nobody proposes to repeal.

The fact is that Prohibition is one of the greatest successes in the world, not yet complete.

A Few English and a Great Nation

WE have received from Italy a manifesto signed by "A Group of English Residents in Florence" which closes with the words:

Italy can only prosper when ruled by a strong hand like Mussolini's.

We seem to have known a prosperous Italy long before the strong hand came; we seem to have known an Italy which made itself the glory of the world for enduring achievement; and it seems to us a pity that a group of English residents in Florence should think it worth while so to belittle the great qualities of the Italian people. The language may be English, but the sentiment is strange.

Advertising England

By Peter Puck

If of sport you are a quester
You will find it all in Leicester.

Every man who feels and thinks
Will enjoy a run through Lincs.

Grumblers never lift their heads
In the happy homes of Beds.

Nothing's wrong and all is right
In the breeze-girt Isle of Wight.

All the Jutes deserted Jutland
When they heard of lovely Rutland.

Ancient scholars skip like lambs
In the healthful air of Cambs.

Men by words and pigs by grunts
Praise the pastureland of Hunts.

When they're feeling sick and sore folk
Get a cure in bracing Norfolk.

All the men and maids in Suffolk
Are a handsome, healthy, tough folk.

A Pitiful Object

AN art critic complains that the new buildings on the old site of the Post Office are among the poorest in London. It is a profound shame that great sites should be filled with poor buildings. Could anything in the world be worse than the new mean front of Ludgate Hill Station? It is a pitiful object in the heart of the City.

Tip-Cat

INDIAN clubs are being used as an excellent safeguard against flu. Does this mean a blow for the doctors?

DEAN INGE says it is better to address people through the Press than by word of mouth. It is often safer.

HEATED tramcars for London are announced. Passengers in them are forbidden, however, to have heated arguments.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If a woodman
dines off faggots
and chips

A WATCHMAKER is said to have discovered the secret of perpetual motion. He is now always doing good turns.

A SOCIETY lady describes the camera as an instrument of torture. She must have been snapped by one.

THEY say a L.N.E.R. train was delayed forty minutes by the wind. Even the office boy, when late, has a better excuse than that.

The Tree of Peace

ALL the imagination has not died out of the world.

The Mayor of Locarno is planting an olive tree in a bed of French and German soil.

The Twenty-First of March

Along the busy streets of London Town
Something mysterious stirred.
It came so silently, dropped gently down
Like feathers from a bird.

Yet everybody noticed when it came.
The sparrows in the street,
How merrily they chirped the longed-for name,
So short, so lingering sweet.

A thousand little things we used to know
Their way did softly wing
Into the heart of London Town, for lo!
Back to the world came Spring.

Estelle Boughton

The Sweet Singer of Georgia

A SINGER of the songs of the Southern people of America, whose name has won its way into the papers throughout the whole United States, has sung his last song. Mr. Frank Stanton has passed away.

He was a journalist and a poet; the Poet Laureate of Georgia he was called, and he lived for nearly 70 years.

One of the most famous of his songs put into the mouth of a Southerner this love of a little dark fellow:

Sweetest li'l feller,
Everybody knows;
Dunno what ter call him,
But he mighty like a rose!

When he's dar a-sleepin
In his li'l place
Think I see de angels
Lookin through de lace.

When de dark is fallin,
When de shadders creep,
Den dey comes on tip-toe
Ter kiss him in his sleep.

Sweetest li'l feller,
Everybody knows;
Dunno what ter call him,
But he mighty like a rose!

Another of his songs was written with the thought of his little daughter in his mind:

I love her well,
Marcelle, Marcelle!
For hints of heaven seem to dwell
Within her eyes—her violet eyes;
And in her hair soft sunset dyes,
As from far fields of Paradise.
I may not sing, I may not say,
By starry night or sun-swept day,
How well—how well
I love Marcelle!

Now the sweet singer of Georgia is no more singing, but his music is in the hearts of those who loved him.

Peter Passes It On

THE other day Peter Puck was wandering about in an artist's studio. In it was an extraordinary jumble of curious things. The owner fumbled in a desk which was overflowing with papers and produced a sheet, saying: "Perhaps this will amuse you." It did. So Peter Puck passes it on. The paper bore this poem:

The artist and his luckless wife
They lead a horrid, haunting life,
Surrounded by the things he's made
Which are not wanted by the trade.
The artist is an awful man,
He does not do the things he can;
He does the things he cannot do
And we attend the private view.
The artist uses honest paint
To represent things as they ain't,
He then asks money for the time
It took to perpetrate the crime.

Now, the poem was manuscript, and when Peter asked who wrote it the artist said, "Some artist, I expect. Englishmen are good at laughing at themselves."

"But how did you get it?" asked Peter. "Did you copy it from a book, or was it sent to you?"

"I can't remember," the artist replied. "I've had it for years." So there it is.

When thou art alone consider thy faults; when thou art with thy fellows forget the faults of others.

Chinese Maxim

THE WELCOME OF THE MAORIS

BEAUTIFUL WORDS FOR THE DUKE AND DUCHESS

Those Who Rule the Empire Should Talk with Its Peoples

SONGS AND DANCES AT ROTORUA

We have envied the Duke and Duchess of York many things in their wanderings, and most of all their meeting with the Maoris when they arrived in New Zealand.

The Maoris, we are told, are dying out, but they are putting up a gallant fight, and if they go down they will go down with all their flags flying. It is not for nothing that they have been called the Britons of the South.

War-Paint and Feathers

Two thousand Maoris gathered together to do homage to the Duke and his Lady at Rotorua, and rarely has a member of a royal house been given a more gallant and dignified welcome by a native people. The Maoris greeted their guests with a fine native dance and then a war dance, reminiscent of the days when every Maori was a warrior and accustomed to fight for home and possessions and always argumentative on the subject of tribal borders. They had every reason to be proud of their physique and energy, and they looked superb in their native war-paint and feathers, like giants of an old and forgotten world.

When the dances of greetings were over the Duke and Duchess were each adorned with a Maori mat, put on their shoulders by the Maori Minister, Sir Maui Pomare. Then someone insisted on putting feathers in the royal hats, and, to the cheering of the natives, a little magic green stone was hung round the Duchess's neck.

A Poetic Welcome

The guests of the Maori must have felt that this was a really brave welcome, far more thrilling than conventional speeches and the offering of enormous bouquets. When the Maori address of welcome was read to them by Mr. Coates, the Premier, they could not help being profoundly moved by the beauty and dignity of those rolling phrases and by their lovely and poetic thoughts:

Thrice has royalty deigned to honour our courtyard. Enter our humble house and walk among us. It is good.

Thus is fulfilled that word which we spoke on this ground to your elder brother, that those who govern this far-flung Empire should walk and talk with its peoples.

Welcome, messenger of an era to be, when space and distance may be of small account, when words and works may encircle the globe as does the Sun, so that no part of the Empire may brood in gloom or conspire for evil.

Welcome, second Duchess. Is it woman's peace you bring? Woman's hands and tears have soothed the wounds of the warring world.

Farewell Songs

"Tenako tou," said the Duke in reply: "Greetings to all. Retain your traditions of loyalty, courage, and chivalry, and all will be well with you and your children." He gave some grand silver-knobbed walking-sticks to the chiefs, and the ceremony was over. When the time came for them to go the Duke and Duchess walked through long ranks of the Maoris, who were chanting farewell songs, good-byes hundreds of years old, and as the guests got into their car and sped away the song changed to a glorious, full-throated shout.

MR. COOLIDGE DOES A BRAVE THING

RICH American merchants have often tried to make food dear by buying it all up and holding it for a fancy price, and the American people have been very angry about it.

But now the American Congress, representing the American people, has been trying to do the same thing, and only the President's refusal to agree to it has prevented it from becoming law.

A Bill has passed both the Senate and the House of Representatives for putting aside fifty million pounds to buy up food and hold it back from the market whenever it was considered that the price was not high enough.

This would have made an artificial food scarcity all over the world, especially in Europe, whenever it was put into

operation. It was to have been applied to wheat, maize, rice, cotton, tobacco, and pigs. The Bill was passed in order to reconcile the farmers to the high prices they have to pay for machinery, clothes, and almost everything they buy owing to the high tariffs imposed.

But the President was not willing to pacify the farmers at such a price. He has refused his consent to the Bill, and it can only be passed over his head by a two-thirds majority in both Houses, which no one believes will be forthcoming. It was a bold thing for him to do, for it means he will not get the farmers' vote when the time comes round again to choose a President. But it has added greatly to the respect in which he is held in America and Europe.

O'ER THE DOWNS WITH TENNYSON



The great hill that Tennyson loved in the Isle of Wight, embracing hundreds of acres, has been given free to the public for ever by his son, as told on page 5. Here the poet walked often with his nurse in his last years

*There, on the top of the Down,
The wild heather round me and over me*

A BUNDLE OF OLD LETTERS

How excited most of us would be if we discovered a little room under the roof that no one knew about before!

This has happened to the owner of the Manor House at Cleeve Prior in Worcestershire. The house is a beautiful, rambling old building going back to Elizabethan days, and the secret room had been forgotten for two centuries.

In one corner there stood a curious old chest. It was a romantic moment. Would there be Spanish doubloons or emeralds from the newly-discovered land of Peru lying in that ancient coffer? Eagerly the old fastenings were undone, and to everyone's disappointment nothing was seen but a bundle of letters.

However, examination proved those letters to be of great historical interest,

and they will probably appear in book form under the auspices of the Hakluyt Society. They were written by Captain Thomas Bowry, a merchant adventurer, who traded in the Far East at a time when only Fort St. George (now Madras) belonged to England and the rest of India was a foreign land full of perils for the white trader. Captain Bowry's first letter gives a wealth of detail about the beginnings of the British association with India.

One of the most interesting things in the collection is proof that Daniel Defoe knew Bowry and probably consulted him about the writing of Robinson Crusoe. There are two letters by Defoe himself and an inventory of the island of Juan Fernandez.

NATIONS AND THEIR FEARS

EXPLORING THE WAY TO DISARMAMENT

France and Italy Not Ready, but the Sea Powers Go Forward

AMERICA'S LEAD

Britain and Japan have accepted the invitation of America to another Naval Disarmament Conference. France and Italy have refused it.

In 1921 a conference was held at Washington in which five great naval Powers agreed to limit for ten years the number of battleships that each might build and maintain. The agreement involved the scrapping of many ships to get the total tonnage down to the figures agreed on.

The chief difficulty was to fix the proportion the total battleship tonnage of each of the five Powers should bear to each other, and it was decided that Britain and America should both have the same tonnage, Japan three tons for every five tons of the other two, and France and Italy each a ton and two-thirds for our five.

The Washington Principle

America would have liked a similar agreement with regard to all other classes of ships, but she was not able to obtain it. The result has been that every year since then there has been increasing competition in the building of smaller vessels, spoiling almost all the good done by the agreement on battleships. Now America is trying again.

A meeting is shortly to be held at Geneva, called by the League, to discuss the lines of next year's League conference for a general reduction of land, sea, and air armaments. President Coolidge suggests that at this meeting the five Washington Powers, as they are called, should try to agree on a limitation of naval shipbuilding to be made among themselves without waiting for other countries or for land and air agreement. He suggests that Britain, America, and Japan should apply the Washington principle, known as 5-5-3, to all other ships. He knows, unhappily, that France and Italy would not agree to this proportion being applied all round, so he proposes that their proportion should be discussed again.

The Case of France and Italy

People in England are extremely glad that America wants to call a truce to this mad race. The difficulty is that, just as France thinks she should be allowed to have more submarines than anyone else because of her great length of coast and her many harbours, so Britain thinks she should be allowed to have more cruisers than anyone else owing to the great distances in the Empire and her dependence on distant countries for food.

But there is a greater difficulty still. In the preliminary discussions at Geneva France and Italy have urged that the only proper way of deciding what armaments each country should be allowed to maintain is to treat its armaments, land, sea, and air, as a single whole, and fix their total strengths rather than the strength of each separate part. In this view they have prevailed against the opposite view of Britain and America, and they will not be ready to go back upon it now.

A Marvellous Step Forward

It is clear that there are difficult and delicate negotiations ahead, but the big thing to be thankful for is that nations should be meeting together to consider these things at all. In the old days they built what they liked, each trying to out-race the other, and it is a remarkable achievement that today they talk it over round a table.

That is a marvellous step forward, which would have seemed laughable if anybody had suggested it not many years ago.

A MYSTERY REMARKABLE BIRD UNDER SUSPICION

Does the Honey-Guide Lure
Men to Their Doom?

A STRANGE CHAPTER OF NATURAL HISTORY

By Our Natural Historian

An old legend is revived by the tragic experience of a native workman in South Africa who has followed the call of a friendly bird to death.

The incident occurred near Nchanga, where the native, accepting the cry and leadership of a honey-guide to a forest tree, was bitten to death by a poisonous snake which lurked where the poor man sought the honey that the bird's cries and conduct indicated.

Honey-guides are birds which have for ages cooperated with men. Wild children of the forest, they search out the nests of wild bees, whose grubs they eat. If the nest is not accessible to them they seek a man, flutter about his head with characteristic cries, then fly a small distance to lure him on. Little by little they guide him on his way till a tree is reached in which bees are hived.

An Ancient Belief

The natives and travellers understand what is intended of them; they take the nest and retain the honey, throwing down or exposing the bee grubs as a reward for the bird. The partnership is older than history, but sometimes, as in the present instance, the bird brings its human follower face to face with an enemy.

Therefore it is said that a honey-guide will as readily lead a human being into the presence of a lion, a leopard, or a snake as to a hive of honey, and so maliciously betray him to death. The belief is ancient and general, but it cannot possibly be well founded.

The honey-guide does undoubtedly raise an outcry at the presence of some dangerous creature, but not in order to betray men to such an enemy. Peacocks, monkeys, and other creatures raise an alarm at the sight of tiger, leopard, snake and so on; and honey-guides do the same.

A snake may be on the tree to which the bird seeks to pilot a man to honey, or on the route to such a tree. A honey-guide once led Livingstone into the presence of an angry rhinoceros, and the doctor remembered the old legend, without accepting it.

Signals Misread

Wishing to ascertain the truth of the native assertion that this bird is a deceiver, leading a follower to a wild beast and not honey, he inquired if any of his men had ever found it so. Only one of 114 could say that he had been led to an elephant instead of to a hive, and Livingstone was quite convinced that the majority of people who commit themselves to its guidance are led to honey and to honey alone.

The fact seems to be that the honey-guide's signals may be misread. The bird may be sounding the caution "beware" and be mistaken to mean "come"; or the man's unsuspected peril may lurk, all unknown to the bird, in the path by which his little friend beckons him to a feast. That a bird should have the cunning and malevolence to plot a human friend's death is not believable.

E. A. B.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

15th-cent. French Book of Hours	£265
Old Flemish ivory diptych	£220
Book with 4 Rembrandt etchings	£150
14th-century English gold ring	£78
A Chinese lacquer cabinet	£78
An old Chinese bowl	£73
14th-cent. copy of Magna Carta	£48
A gold lacquer table-screen	£35

ELECTRICITY SAVES AN OLD TRADE The Marble of Milan Cathedral

Electricity has been put to a very ingenious use in the quarries of Arzo, in southern Switzerland.

Visitors to the Cathedral of Milan never fail to admire the beautiful red-tinted Arzo marble decorations of the Baptistery Chapel. This famous marble was beginning to run short a year or two ago, although the demand for it is always growing.

The director of the quarries persuaded the engineers to supply him with electricity from the water-power of Tessin, close by, and electric saws now slit the marble into much finer pieces than could be made by the handsaws worked by the quarrymen. The result is that facings with the Arzo marble are actually cheaper than before, and a trade centuries old has been saved.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM OF THE THAMES The Burning Grounds

Two stretches of land, one close to London Bridge and the other at Rotherhithe, have been known from old times as the Burning Grounds.

To these places are taken the flotsam and jetsam of the Thames, from Windsor to the sea. Lightermen, ferrymen, and other water-workers sighting stray timbers, barrels of oil, cases of candles, bales of rubber, and so on, spike them or lasso them or clutch them and take them to the Burning Grounds. There they are received by the Customs.

But they are not burned; they are held to ransom. If the owners can identify them and will pay salvage they may take them away. If they are unclaimed they are sold by auction. In either case their rescuers are paid for their trouble. Once upon a time contraband cargoes really were burned on the Burning Grounds.

A DISCOVERY THAT COUNTS

Rubber-Plating Electric Wires

The new method of electro-plating things with rubber, which was described some months ago in the C.N., has now been brought to such a stage of perfection that copper wires as used in electrical work are to be covered with rubber and insulated.

By rubber-plating threads rubber bands have been made so strong that they cannot be broken by the hand, and ordinary gloves and other garments have been plated with rubber and made waterproof.

The method of rubber-plating was invented by an English chemist, Dr. S. E. Sheppard, and it is one of the most romantic and ingenious discoveries of a wonderful century.

MORE PLAYING-FIELDS Manchester's Enthusiasm

The next generation is being built up on the playing-fields of England.

It is twenty years since Manchester first started a society for obtaining more playing-fields for the people, and all over the country similar efforts are now being made.

The Manchester Playing-Fields Society today holds 116 acres of fields, with about 66 play pitches, used by 1500 players and 117 clubs. It has just been offered £5000 to buy and equip another field, and is looking out for a suitable site.

Not the least important gain from its activities has been the example to the Manchester Corporation, which has now made playing-fields in the parks. Over a million games are played in the parks in the year, £30,000 being taken in fees.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



A gold coin of Nero has been found at Scarescleugh, in Cumberland.

Twenty-three cattle have died on a Wiltshire farm after eating from yew trees.

South Kensington Museum has issued four more sets of excellent coloured postcards dealing with rare moths.

An unknown Roman town has been discovered by roadmakers near Limoges, in France.

Killed by a Train

Apparently struck on the head by a train, a badger was found on the railway at Bromsgrove.

A Scout in a Window

A correspondent tells us of another window depicting a Boy Scout. This is in St. Hilda's Church at Hoylake.

Other Chairmen Please Copy

Lord Colwin fined himself £50 for being late for the annual meeting of the Manchester Children's Hospital.

Cruelty Cheap at Sunderland

A Ryhope miner at Sunderland was fined only £1 for confining a brown linnet in a very tiny cage.

A Railway Closed

The twenty-year-old light railway between Burton and Ashby-de-la-Zouch has been closed down through motor competition.

Hot and Cold

A tramp has been sent to prison for a day for begging hot water; he could not have been punished if he had asked for cold!

Money for Playing-Fields

The National Union of Teachers is subscribing £100 and the Rugby Union £50 a year to the National Playing-Fields Association.

Fish Go By Road

About 3500 fish have been taken in tanks on motor-lorries from the Shustoke Reservoir in Birmingham to the River Trent in Nottingham.

Army of Mice

The mighty army of mice which threatened to overwhelm one of the farming districts of California has been destroyed by poisoned grain.

Livingstone's Day

March 20 is being held in the Sunday Schools of Scotland as Livingstone's Day in order to help the movement for buying Livingstone's birthplace at Blantyre as a permanent memorial.

LOST TUBES OF RADIUM And the Wonderful Way of Finding Them

The people at Charing Cross Hospital have had an exciting time in tracing two lost tubes of radium.

The tubes were no bigger round than a lead pencil, but they contained 1500 pounds' worth of radium. They were missed when the operating theatre was being cleaned after an operation. Every possible corner was searched in vain, and it was decided that they must have been swept away with the rubbish.

The hospital rubbish is burned in a destructor, and the clinkers and other refuse are then carted off to a dump at Harrow. So first the hospital dust-bin was searched, then the destructor, and finally the dump at Harrow. The searchers took with them a wonderful device called a radium detector, which indicates the presence of even the smallest quantity of radium by a glow of light from a certain metal it contains.

It was when the detector came in contact with a clinker from the hospital destructor that the metal began to glow. The clinkers were carefully collected, and under proper treatment yielded up the radium. All but the smallest fraction of it was recovered in this way. How fortunate it is that radium is indestructible!

ABOUT TIME

The Dustman and His Cart MINISTRY OF TRANSPORT'S HINT TO THE MINISTRY OF HEALTH

Another bit of good news. The hours of the London dustmen are being revised, and not before it was time. Of all the trials of the streets during the morning hours for business people and others that of the dustman's cart has long been the greatest. The ladder is generally sprawling across the pavement with a dustman ascending and descending with his load, paying no heed to people walking by.

Butchers' boys stand with joints in their baskets, watching with a professional eye the tilt of the dustbin on the man's shoulder. The passer-by must choose his moment to avoid an extremely unpleasant shower. To people interested in public health, quite apart from ordinary people who like to go to their offices in clean clothes, this muddle of mismanagement has seemed nothing short of a crime.

And yet it is not the Ministry of Public Health that has stepped in but the Ministry of Transport, which has decreed that the dustman must be out of the main streets by 9 a.m., as his cart obstructs the traffic. In the by-ways, which is your street and mine, he may still linger. Perhaps the Ministry of Health will step in here and save its good name from this disgrace.

A BOY ASTRONOMER What He Made with Odds and Ends

The youngest astronomer of our time is probably Louis Coutelet.

He is only 14, and is a pupil in the principal college in Dijon. This clever boy has invented and constructed, with only the aid of a small map of the world and odds and ends found among his playthings, an apparatus which shows clearly the succession of the seasons, the solstices, the equinoxes, and all the relations between the Earth and the Sun.

An electric lamp represents the Sun, and gives all the effects of the lighting of the various regions of the Earth, with the long Polar nights and the unequal length of days according to latitude. The parallelism of the axis of the Earth is maintained, as is also the elliptical form of its orbit, while a small electric motor produces both the rotation of the sphere on its axis and its movement round the Sun.

Louis Coutelet has presented his work to the Astronomical Society of France, which has bestowed upon it unanimous praise.

ITALY HAS A NEW INDUSTRY Making its Own Paper

Mussolini has found a new industry for his people, paper-making.

Italy's importation of foreign paper and the raw material of paper-making has cost nearly three million pounds a year, helping the excess of imports over exports which has been one of her chief difficulties. So the Dictator has set people to find out whether there is not a way of doing these things at home.

As it would have taken a long time to grow enough trees to make wood pulp for paper mills it was decided to see what could be done with crops that come up every year. Rice plants were ground up and treated with chemicals, and were found to make fairly good and quite cheap paper pulp, and one of the principal newspapers of Italy has appeared with the proud boast that it is printed exclusively on Italian paper, manufactured from national raw material. We hope it is a boast that can endure.

March 19, 1927

The Children's Newspaper

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IN FEBRUARY COME HE WILL NOT

THE CUCKOO JOKE AGAIN
The Chorister Who Tricked a
Famous Naturalist

HOW CUCKOO HISTORY IS MADE

People in Somerset report that they heard the cuckoo there during the last days of February.

Now, it is in that delightful quarter of England that cuckoo history has been made. It was not a thousand miles from this reported bird that the natives built a fence round a visiting cuckoo so that he should not fly away, but remain and charm them for ever with his note.

Of course the classic scene of the attempted corralling of the cuckoo, as our literature records it, was Gotham, in Nottinghamshire, renowned for those Wise Men whose Cuckoo Bush is still indicated on one of the hills overlooking the village. But Zummerzet men have their legend, too, and the call of the cuckoo which they report this year from Radstock seems a worthy addition to the store of legend clinging to the bird in its English haunts.

A Note Easily Imitated

Cuckoos do not arrive in England until April, yet every year they are reported here weeks before they could possibly exist in our midst. There is no cuckoo food here before April, when hairy caterpillars begin to hatch from the eggs. How, then, come those repeated reports of cuckoos so early as February?

The reason is that the cuckoo is the one English bird with a voice resembling a human note, and it can therefore be imitated and is imitated; hence the false dawn of cuckoo song every year. This spurious note from human throats has deceived many a good man and true.

Some years ago there appeared a most startling letter in *The Times*, early in February, from the late Mr. Lydekker, stating that he had that morning heard the cuckoo at Harpenden, two months before its time. Mr. Lydekker was one of the most famous naturalists in the world. Every man of science knew the great Richard Lydekker, so none could doubt his astonishing testimony.

The Voice of a Bricklayer

A day or two after the appearance of his original letter Mr. Lydekker merited the V.C. or the Order of Merit, for he had the high moral courage to write again and tell the world that he had made a ludicrous mistake. His supposed cuckoo was no bird but a wandering voice, the voice of a lusty bricklayer "cuckooing" with all his might through the frosty air while at work on the roof of a Harpenden house!

So we may all make a mental note of Somerset's February cuckoo and remember the great scientist's corduroyed chorister on the housetop. The cuckoo has its calendar, and if we make mistakes as to its coming to us it does not.

*In April come he will,
In August go he must.*

It is constant as the seasons, and flies as they march. Our cuckoos are at present in South Africa, silent, gathering strength for the great journey yet to be.

THE DAILY WAR

In the 19 months of America's partnership in the war 53,300 of her sons were killed or died of wounds. Somebody has just pointed out that in the same period 132,000 others were killed at home in the performance of their daily duties.

ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN ART

The Great Van Dyck

Anthony Van Dyck was born March 22, 1599.

In the year 1612 a huge picture called the Descent from the Cross, by Rubens, was unveiled in the Cathedral in Antwerp. Among the crowds who thronged the aisles was a boy of thirteen. He was Anthony Van Dyck. No one knows what dreams stirred in the mind of the boy, who came again and again to look at the picture, which is one of the masterpieces of Europe.

Anthony was born at Antwerp on March 22, 1599, the son of a wealthy merchant. He grew up into a dreamy boy, a little aloof from boisterous life, with a passion for beautiful things. When he was fifteen he was apprenticed to an Antwerp painter, and made such progress that in four years he was admitted to the guild of painters—an unusual distinction for so young a man.

Van Dyck's Master

There was then, so to speak, only one man alive in Antwerp—Rubens. Anthony watched his work everywhere, studied it with absorption. He already had a considerable technique in brushwork, and had mastered most of the problems of construction. So when he obtained his heart's desire and entered the studio of Rubens as assistant he easily stepped into the first place.

Rubens welcomed a helper of such ability. Van Dyck, let loose on the master's work, began a series of copies in which he so nearly approached the original that modern critics have been considerably perplexed as to which was Van Dyck and which was Rubens.

When the painter was twenty-one it happened that the wife of the Earl of Arundel, who was much interested in art, came to Antwerp to arrange for Rubens to paint a family portrait. She became acquainted with Anthony Van Dyck, and spoke of this gifted young man in her letters to England.

His Place in English Art

In 1620 Van Dyck left Antwerp for London, was gladly received by James the First, painted a full-length portrait of him, and accepted a pension of a hundred pounds. Before he settled down to paint at the Court Anthony wanted to travel in Italy. The next year an order is given, and "Antonio Van Dyck, gent, His Majesties servant, is allowed to travail eight months." With a short interval the eight months' absence from London lasted about eleven years.

Van Dyck was welcomed on his return by Charles Stuart, given a pension of £200, and very soon knighted. The rest of his life was mainly spent in London. He died in his house at Blackfriars on December 9, 1641, and was buried in old St. Paul's.

It has often been said that Van Dyck founded the English school. This is probably a slight exaggeration. Van Dyck was a genius as a portrait painter and brought to bear an influence of dignity and beauty on such art as was flourishing in England; but his followers were imitators of Van Dyck rather than English portrait painters; the real father of the English school was Hogarth.

A Great Portrait Painter

Van Dyck came in and filled a place for a generation, and a most noble place it was. His work, a whole gallery of its own, stands apart in English painting. His portraits of the Stuart family are among the most exquisite things in art. There were beauty and personality in everything he did, richness of tone, magnificent technique, and great charm. He was always a little melancholy, a little aloof and delicate. Also he was always distinguished in his work. Van Dyck's ladies and gentlemen and adorable children seem to be living a life of their own, absorbed in some grave pursuit; and if we look away they will walk gently on out of our sight, moving to the sound of slow, sweet music.

WHY WE CAN BUY WITHOUT MONEY

There is very little gold in the world, not enough in England to pay one year's taxes, and if we are to be really prosperous and to carry on the work and trade of the world we must learn to do without it.

In the small towns of Western America instead of small shops there is generally a large store which not only sells things to the farmer but buys his produce as well. In these stores there is very little exchange of money.

A farmer sends in a thousand pounds' worth of cattle and wheat. The storekeeper does not pay money; he makes a note that he has received the goods from the farmer; the farmer is credited with a thousand pounds in the books of the storekeeper.

Just as Good as Gold

Then when the farmer buys what he needs (in the way of harness, machinery, groceries, and so on) he does not pay money. The storekeeper merely debits him with the value of these goods, and at the end of the year what the farmer has received is put against what he has sent in, and only the difference is paid. Perhaps there is no difference, perhaps two thousand pounds' worth of trading is done without any exchange of money.

What the farmer does with the storekeeper the storekeeper does with the manufacturers, and the manufacturers do with their banks; and those banks do with other banks, and so on for thousands of operations. All this trade is done practically without gold. It is all done on paper with book entries, which are just as good as gold *provided that they are honest*. So long as this is the case the bank will enter credits in the dealer's favour without question, and proceed on the assumption that at any moment these credits can be turned into gold.

Links in the Chain of Credit

Suppose, however, that a second farmer were by some means to steal a great amount of wheat, say, ten thousand pounds' worth, from the storekeeper's warehouse. What would happen? The storekeeper would be unable to deliver what he had promised; the entries in his books would represent goods that no longer existed; and immediately the storekeeper's clients and creditors found this they would decline to deal with him.

The storekeeper would be unable to pay his debts. The bank, considering its calls upon this storekeeper as unlikely to be fulfilled, might have to suspend payment, and other merchants would suffer in consequence. A link in the long chain of credit would have to be broken, and all depending on this chain would suffer.

When Nations Go to War

Suppose the dishonest farmer tried to sell his stolen wheat to another merchant in the same town, he might find that second merchant also insolvent; not only would he be unable to sell his wheat, but he would be unable to buy the things he needed, and might be in a much worse position than before the theft. His theft had damaged himself.

This is what happens in the modern world when nations go to war. It did not always happen to anything like the degree that it does today, because international book-keeping was not possible till we had telegraphs and railways and stock exchanges and banks and rapid and ready communication between peoples. But today the trade of the world is done without gold by a great system of book-keeping, and any nation which goes to war in an attempt to seize the property of another must share in the ruin it brings about.

SATURN SEEN BY DAYLIGHT

RINGED PLANET IN THE
MORNING SKY

A World Where Eclipses of
the Sun are Frequent

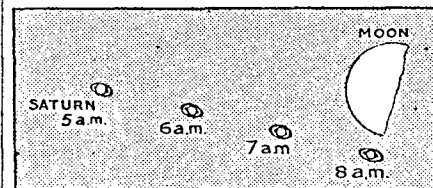
ANOTHER PLANET WITHOUT
ECLIPSES

By the C.N. Astronomer

In the early morning of Thursday, March 24, the great world of Saturn may be seen apparently quite close to the Moon, which will then be at her last quarter.

The Moon will be above and slightly to the right of Saturn, while the great Antares, the largest sun known, will be directly below Saturn, about nine times the Moon's width away (Antares appears as a reddish star not quite so bright as Saturn.)

This beautiful group will be visible through the night after about 1 a.m., when it appears low in the south-east, being due south between 4 and 4.30 a.m.



The position of Saturn relative to the Moon next Thursday morning

The Moon will then be between three and four times her own diameter to the right of Saturn. As the morning advances she will get closer to the planet, till by 8 a.m. she will appear just above Saturn and only a fifth of her own diameter away.

But by that time it will be daylight, and both worlds will be low in the south-west. Observers with telescopes will, however, have a splendid opportunity of following Saturn far into the morning and seeing the planet in full daylight. This will even be possible to possessors of good field-glasses or binoculars, as both the Moon and Saturn will be in the same field of view.

Eclipses of the Sun are of frequent occurrence on Saturn, for he has ten moons with which to obscure the orb of day, though it is only the six nearest that can do much in that direction.

As the Sun as seen from Saturn appears only one-ninth the width he appears to us, total eclipses will often occur. So the spectacle of the Sun's glorious corona—which we look forward to seeing on June 29, and which can only be seen on the infrequent occasions of total eclipse—must be a common sight on Saturn, provided anything is ever to be seen of celestial events on Saturn through his dense canopy of clouds.

A Moonless World

On the other hand, the brilliant Venus, now visible in the western sky in the evening, never enjoys the spectacle of an eclipse of the Sun, for she is moonless, and nothing except little Mercury ever comes between her and the Sun, which as seen from Venus appears one-third wider than it does to us.

Thus it will be seen how very fortunate and favoured we are on our world in having a Moon of the right size and at the correct distance away on June 29 to obscure the Sun so completely as to reveal the delicate and pearly streamers of this wonderful coronal light, so singularly different from any other light known. G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the morning Saturn south. In the evening Venus west, Mars south-west.

A NEW STAR CHART

In the April issue of *My Magazine*, now on sale everywhere, is a splendid chart showing the positions of the constellations in the northern sky, together with a scale of the distances of the chief stars.

S.O.S.

CHAPTER 71

The Trap

JIM was boiling, for he felt that it was entirely his own fault that he and Sam had walked into the trap which no doubt Gadsden had set for them.

"Tie their hands and bring them in," Gadsden ordered. He turned to Jim with a mirthless smile. "I shall not trouble to gag you," he said, "for even if you shout there is no one to hear. The two men Ilak left on guard are tied up like yourselves, and the rest are out in the rain looking for the Bakairi."

Jim stared him full in the face. "I thought you told us that you might be a thief but were not a liar, Mr. Gadsden?" he said bitterly.

Gadsden took no offence. "Exactly. I told you I shouldn't hurt any of your precious Hulas, and I have kept my word. Now I mean to help myself to some of those pretty stones, which will be much easier to carry than half a ton or so of gold, and are probably worth a lot more. After that I am clearing out, and you people can carry on as you please."

Jim bit his lip, but said no more. He knew it was no good, for his hands and Sam's were tied fast, and they were as helpless as the stones of the pavement on which they stood.

Outside the storm was passing, though now and then the lightning still flashed and the rain came down straight and heavy. There was no sound but the solid roar of falling water and an occasional deep rumble of thunder. Jim's eyes were fixed on Gadsden's tall, powerful figure. The man had reached the top of the flight of steps and was taking from the pocket of his drill jacket small, shining steel tools.

He calmly examined the different rays, and he seemed to hesitate between one that was a mass of glistening white fire and another which shone with a rich and lustrous green hue. The first Jim knew must be diamonds, those wonderful Brazilian diamonds which are the finest in the whole world, but so hard that they are almost impossible to cut; the green stones, however, were emeralds, stones which today are comparatively rare. Their value is therefore very great. Finally Gadsden seemed to decide upon the emeralds, and, taking a pair of pliers in his strong right hand, set to drawing out one of the largest stones. As he did so he placed his left hand against the centre of the disc to balance himself.

Jim stared as if fascinated. Even now he could hardly believe that any man could bring himself to such destruction, but Gadsden, it was clear, had no such feelings, and all he thought of was to get his plunder as quickly as possible and make off with it. As he braced himself to draw out the stone there came a rumbling sound which Jim at first thought was thunder.

Then Sam gave a yell. "Look, Jim! Look! The wall is falling in!"

He was right. The whole section of the wall on which the gleaming disc was fixed was sliding inward, and with it went the platform on which Gadsden was standing. Jim saw Gadsden straighten himself and try to leap back, but he was too late. Instantly he shot forward into a dark recess and vanished, and next moment the wall had closed behind him. Only now the space where the disc had glittered was bare and blank.

CHAPTER 72

Just in Time

JIM heard a clatter behind him, and saw that José had dropped his rifle and was staring fixedly at the spot where Gadsden had disappeared. He muttered some words between dry lips and reeled back against the wall, shaking.

The Wireless Mystery
By T. C. Bridges

"Thinks it's witchcraft," whispered Jim to Sam.

Sam was grinning delightedly. "We might have known that old Ilak had his head screwed on tight," he said. "He ain't taking any chances!"

"Yes; but what's become of Gadsden?" asked Jim.

"What's it matter? He's safe anyhow. I wish we could get loose."

Meantime José had pulled himself together, and, paying no attention at all to his prisoners, had hurried over to where the rest of Gadsden's men were already on the platform, thumping and banging at the wall in a frantic effort to find some way of releasing their leader.

"Come on!" Jim said swiftly to Sam. "If we can only manage to shut the door we may bag the lot."

They scuttled out, but, not having the use of their hands, the enormously massive and heavy door defied their efforts to move it. There came a shout from the other end of the building.

"They've missed us," said Jim, "and they're mad as hornets. We've got to clear; it's our only chance."

As he and Sam turned to go Gadsden's men came jumping down the great stone stairs. Their feet thudded on the flags. With their hands tied the boys were almost helpless. They could not even run fast. Jim's heart sank.

"Stop!" cried Sam sharply. "Stop! Here comes Ilak."

The old priest came running at a wonderful pace for a man of his age, and two of his Hulas with him.

Sam pointed to the door. "Shut it!" he shouted.

Ilak, of course, did not understand the words, but it was quite clear that he realised what was happening. He and his men ran straight for the door, and the next instant it was flung to with an echoing crash, and a great bar dropped into place. The massive timbers shook under the combined rush of Gadsden's men, but they were too late. They could not get out.

"Listen to them yelping!" chuckled Sam.

Ilak, seeing his plight, took out a knife, which, though its blade was yellow bronze, was sharp and heavy as steel, and quickly cut the cords that tied his wrists. Then he did the same for Jim.

"He knows what's happened," declared Jim. "When that trap worked it must have made some signal. Nothing else could have brought him so quickly."

Clearly Jim was right, for Ilak now made signs that they should go back to their quarters.

"He means that crowd are safe where they are till morning," Jim explained to Sam.

"I'd like to know what's happened to Gadsden himself," said Sam.

"I don't know what's happened to him," replied Jim, "but I'm jolly sure he's sorry he ever touched that Golden Sun. Come on, Sam. We'd better get some sleep, for tomorrow is our busy day."

It seemed to Jim that he had not been asleep five minutes before Greg was shaking him awake.

"Jim, you drowsy beggar, wake up! What's this yarn about Gadsden?"

"What's the good of asking me if you know already?" Jim grumbled.

"I don't know. Ilak's been spinning some yarn to Dad, but we can't make much of it. Do tell us, there's a good chap."

Jim sat up and flung his legs over the edge of his hammock.

"The beggar tried to loot the jewelled sun," he said. "He sprang a trap of some sort, and he and the sun vanished together into the wall. Then Sam and I bunked, and Ilak came and banged the

temple door. They're safe as houses for the present."

"Topping!" cried Greg. "Then I vote we leave them there until we've finished our job."

CHAPTER 73

An Attack in Force

ALAN met them at breakfast. He was in high feather.

"I congratulate you, Jim," he said. "You, too, Sam."

"We didn't do anything," growled Sam. "We simply walked into the trap that Gadsden had set for us."

"You were cute enough to spot the firing anyhow, and you delayed Gadsden long enough to give Ilak and his men a chance to come up."

"It was Ilak who did the trick," said Jim decidedly. "But what's become of Gadsden? Was he scuppered?"

"Not a bit. The Hulas are all against that sort of thing. Gadsden was shot down a slope into a dark but fairly airy dungeon. By this time he is probably hungry, thirsty, and very sorry for himself."

"What are you going to do with him?"

"Have a quiet talk with him. Tell him he's got to stay where he is till tomorrow. By that time I hope this job will be settled one way or another. My plane's all right, and tonight Juan and I mean to tackle the Bakairi in earnest." He finished his food and got up. "Now I'm off to tackle Gadsden," he said. "Like to come?"

"Rather!" said Jim, jumping up. Ilak, too, went with them, and led them by a secret door into the back of the temple; then, lighted by one of his men carrying a lantern, they went along a narrow passage to a door in which was a grating set with bronze bars. Gadsden's face showed up white and set through the bars.

"Good-morning, Mr. Gadsden," said Alan quietly. "You may remember I warned you against trying any tricks."

"Spare me your sermons," snapped Gadsden, "and get on with the job."

Alan took no offence. "How do you suggest we should get on with the job?" he asked.

"You've got us," growled Gadsden. "I suppose you mean to finish us. All I'll say is that my men were acting under my orders and that the blame is mine, not theirs."

Jim drew a quick breath. He had never expected this from Gadsden. Alan spoke:

"We are not murderers, Mr. Gadsden, and in any case the punishment for theft is not death. At the same time, you have broken

the laws of the Hulas and in their eyes committed sacrilege. Here are our terms: Your men must give up their rifles, and you and they will remain prisoners until the Court can sit and decide on your case. Do you agree?"

"I've no choice," snapped Gadsden; "I have no gun. You will have to collect the rifles from my men yourself."

"Very good. Then as soon as that is done we will send you food and water."

"You might let me have a light," said Gadsden, in a milder tone.

"You shall have a light," Alan promised, and turned back down the passage. "Now for the men," he said. "I wonder if they'll make trouble."

"Not without their leader," said Jim; and he was right, for the men, who were very subdued at finding themselves trapped, made no bones about giving up their rifles, and went greedily to work on the food that was brought them.

That business being settled they all went down to inspect the plane, which was housed in a big building close to the river, which burst out of the cliffs above the city and ran into the lake.

The Professor shook his head when he saw the size of her. "Ten gallons of spirit won't go far, Alan," he said.

"It will do all right, Uncle," replied Alan calmly. "It's good for an hour's flight, and I can do all I've got to do in less than an hour. I don't say it will work, but I think it will. These Bakairi are savage brutes and they'd fight an army, but they're riddled with superstition, and once they're scared they'll run till they're blind."

Jim broke in: "I want to see your wireless, Alan."

"I knew you would," laughed Alan. "Come on!"

Jim was delighted to find that he had been right about Alan's methods, and that Alan had arranged his set exactly as he had supposed. But he was not left much time to examine it, for the Professor claimed Alan to show him the city.

The day passed quickly, and at supper Alan announced that the weather was perfect for his attempt; he meant to start at ten. "You people will have to do guard till then," he said, "for Juan and I will be busy with the bus."

"I guess you can trust us," said Andy. "We'll go right now."

The three boys and he started together. A light haze covered the stars, so it was very dark. All the same, they went cautiously until they got well under the overhang of the cliff, for they knew the Bakairi were on watch above, waiting only for the slightest sound to start rolling rocks over the rim.

"They're quiet tonight," whispered Jim, as he and Sam walked together.

"Too quiet," replied Sam briefly. "What do you mean, old chap?"

"They're planning something. Alan said it last night, and I feel it in my bones."

Jim did not laugh. He had learned by this time to respect Sam's premonitions. Before he could think of anything to say a shot rang out, followed by a regular volley. "That's Andy!" he cried. "Come on, Sam!"

Sam caught him by the arm. "Steady on, Jim. They can attend to that end. We've got to watch our side."

"But there must be a lot of them," objected Jim.

"Maybe we'll get a lot our side too," replied Sam. "By gum! There's one now," he added, as he pulled his pistol and fired at a dangling shadow overhead. Next instant came a shrill yell from the patrol of Hulas farther to the east. "Told you so," said Sam grimly. "There's about a hundred of 'em started down at once."

The words were hardly out of his mouth before a great hairy Bakairi dropped with a thud to the ground, missing Jim by a bare yard.

TO BE CONCLUDED

Tales Before Bedtime

The Party Frock

ELSPETH was sewing the last dainty ribbons on the frock that Jean was going to wear at the party.

It was a very pretty frock, and Jean danced happily up and down the room at the thought of putting it on.

Elspeth, who was twelve years old, was a cripple and could not go to the party, but she did all she could to make Jean's frock lovely.

Then Auntie fell ill and Mother had to go away on the very night of the party in order to nurse her.

"Auntie might have left it another day," thought Jean miserably. "Mother told me to do my best for Elspeth, and I can't leave her all alone while I go and enjoy myself."

Then she heard Elspeth calling: "Come along, Jean, and get ready, dear. Your frock is quite finished!"

But Jean hugged her sister tight and said she had altered her mind and didn't want to go to the party. She would rather wear her pretty frock at home and be with Elspeth.

"Don't be a little silly," said Elspeth, smiling. "I've taken all this trouble to make your frock pretty, and now you won't go."

Here someone knocked loudly at the door, and Jean ran to see who it was, hoping very much that it was Mother



Someone knocked at the door

come back again. But no; there stood Squire Davidson.

"Come along, Jean!" he cried. "Aren't you ready for the party yet?"

"I—I—shan't be able to come," said Jean.

"And, pray, why not?"

When Mr. Davidson found out why Jean couldn't come he laughed and said, "Nonsense! My very big car is waiting outside, and I'm sure it's big enough to hold your sister in her very small bed. I'm going to take you both with me, so hurry up."

Oh, how happy Jean was! She changed into the new frock while Mr. Davidson carried Elspeth, warmly wrapped up, downstairs into the car. And then they all drove off to the party, and none of the little guests enjoyed it more than they did.

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Every Morning Seems to Say There's Something Happy on the Way

THE BRAN TUB

Head and Tail

I AM fat and well-favoured when made up complete, Curtail, and you'll find me quite wholesome to eat; Restore me my tail, and in lieu take my head, Like feathers I'm light or as heavy as lead.

Answer next week

C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Indian Four-Horned Sheep

A picture of the Unicorn Sheep, in which the two horns grow together as one, has already appeared in this column, and here we see another curious Indian breed, the Four-Horned Sheep. Sheep with four horns are also found in Iceland, the Shetland Islands, and South Africa.

A Riddle in Rhyme

My first is in banner but not in flag,
My second's in boasting and also in brag,
My third is in recent but not in old,
My fourth is in Arctic and also in cold,
My fifth is in nation but not in land,
My sixth is in pebbles and also in sand,
My seventh's in spacious but not in wide,
My eighth is in rudder and also in guide,
My ninth is in scatter but not in fling,
My whole is a flower that blossoms in spring.

Answer next week

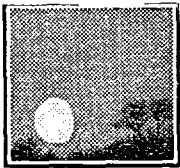
Ici On Parle Français



Le pavillon Un acrobate Une arène
Nous irons les attendre au pavillon
L'acrobate nous amuse par ses tours
Un amphithéâtre entoure cette arène

Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE magpie and jackdaw are building their nests. The linnet is singing. The green woodpecker is heard crying. The rook is laying its eggs. The small tortoise-shell butterfly appears. The red ant, whirligig beetle, earwig, and common gnat are seen. Willow catkins are opening. Sweet brier, weeping willow, whitethorn, and bramble are coming into leaf. White poplar and dog's mercury are flowering.

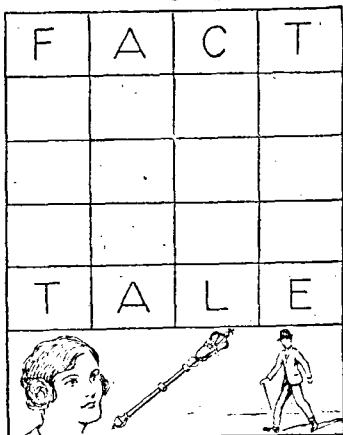


Looking South
10.30 p.m., Mar. 21

Proverbs About Money

HE that gets money before he gets wit will be but a short while master of it.
Gold will not buy everything.
A silver key can open an iron lock.
A man may buy gold too dear.
A golden dart kills where it pleases.

Changeling



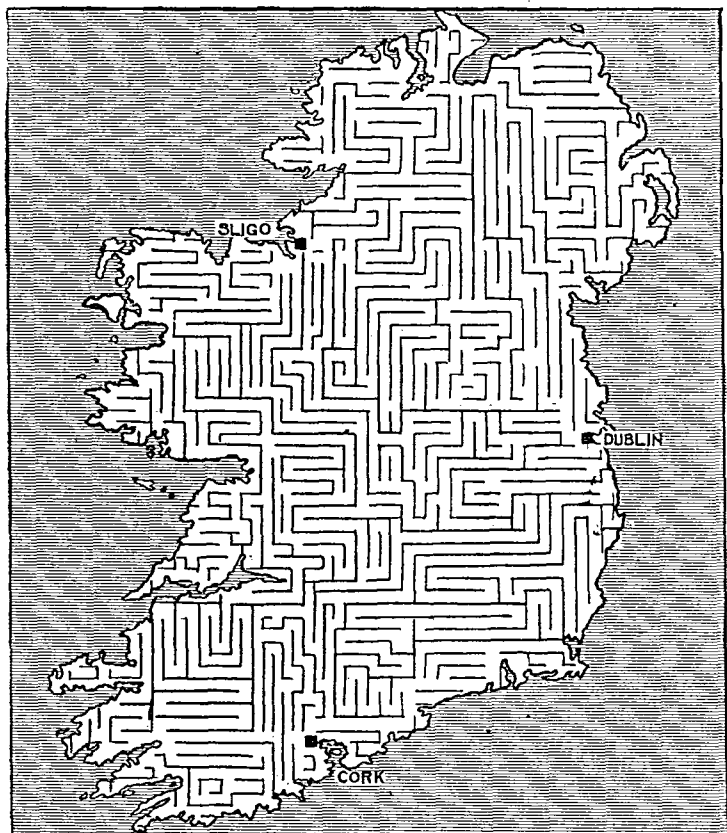
Change the word Fact into Tale with only three intervening links, altering one letter at a time, and making a common word with each change. The pictures will help you.

Answer next week

What Am I?

I'm rather thin and also long,
And always durable and strong.
My head is often bright—like steel;
I cannot see, nor hear, nor feel.
Tis strange to say that, though I'm cold,
When heat you want you me take hold,
And use me very rough and ill,
But still I let you have your will.

Answer next week



Trace your way with a pencil through the maze on this map of Ireland, starting at Dublin and going to Sligo, Cork, and then back to Dublin.

Jacko Goes for a Walk

JACKO hardly ever left the house without getting into mischief. One day the watchmaker appeared in a furious temper and asked to see Mr. Jacko.

"It's your boy, sir," he said. "Came into my shop, he did, and hid inside one of my grandfather clocks. And then he jumped out and frightened away my best customer!"

Mr. Jacko was wild. He promised to give Jacko what he deserved. Jacko didn't like being caned; but as it was quickly over he preferred it to other punishments. He was disgusted when he found he was to be kept indoors for a week as well.



The shrieking Adolphus was whisked away

But Mrs. Jacko simply wouldn't hear of Jacko being kept indoors all that time. "The boy must have fresh air," she declared. "If I send him out in charge of Adolphus he can't possibly get into mischief."

Mr. Jacko wasn't so sure about that, but in the end he agreed to Mrs. Jacko's suggestion.

"It's up to Adolphus," he said hopefully. "He ought to be ashamed of himself if he can't keep the boy in order."

Unfortunately Adolphus wasn't very keen on keeping Jacko in order. He said he wasn't a nursemaid, and that he had no intention of taking anyone out for a walk.

He had to take Jacko out all the same, whether he liked it or not. Mr. Jacko wouldn't stand any nonsense, and before he knew where he was Adolphus found himself walking down the street with Jacko at his elbow.

"You might at least have made yourself a bit tidy," he told Jacko crossly. "I'm ashamed to be seen out with you!"

Jacko grinned. He thought Adolphus looked a regular guy with his white spats and beautiful new belted overcoat, which gave him quite a waist.

"I'm ashamed to be seen out with Adolphus!" he said to himself. "I wish I could get rid of him!"

Adolphus was certainly in a very disagreeable mood that day. "No, I'm sure I don't know what that hook's for!" he snapped as they passed a big warehouse.

Of course Jacko knew perfectly well what the hook was for. It was being let up and down from the top of the building to take in sacks of grain; and as they passed under it the young rascal gently slipped the hook through the belt at the back of Adolphus's new coat.

"It's a pity anybody should be so ignorant," he said with a grin, and the next minute the shrieking Adolphus was being whisked out of sight through a funny little door high up in the side of the building.

Meanwhile Mrs. Jacko was anxiously looking out of the window. "I'm so afraid Adolphus will come back without Jacko," she said nervously.

But it was Jacko who came back without Adolphus.

How Sir William Herschel Wrote His Name

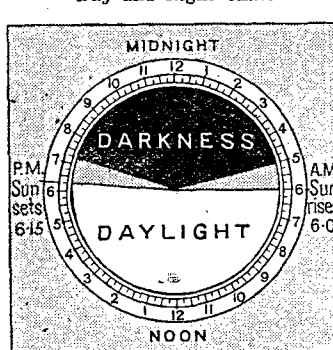
SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL, though born in Hanover, ranks as one of England's greatest astronomers.

He came to England at 17 with a German military band, and settled in Bath as a music teacher. There he made himself a telescope and attained celebrity by the discovery of the planet Uranus. Thereafter he became private astronomer to George the Third. His sister Caroline and his son John (afterwards knighted like himself) were also astronomers of distinction.

Herschel was born in 1738 and died in 1822. This is how he wrote his name:

Wm Herschel

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows longer each day.

D! MERRYMAN

The Sufferer

"MY poor man," said the old lady to the war-scarred veteran of the road who came begging at her back door, "you must have had many trials."
"Yes'm," he replied with an appreciative grin, "and a heap of convictions!"

Out of His Line

"ALL the world," bragged a Hippo, "shall see
That I'm able to climb up a tree."
On the broad of his back
He came down with a smack...
He's in hospital—Ward Number 3!

At Breakfast

AUNT CLARA: Oh, dear, I can't eat this egg; it has only been parboiled.
Willie: No, it hasn't, Auntie. Ma boiled it.

Let It Come Down

DADDY was cross and busy. "It's going to rain, Daddy," said his little son.
"Well, let it rain," said Daddy gruffly.
"I was going to," was the reply.

At School

WHAT is the future of the verb to sleep, boy?
To snore, sir!

Safety First



"MOO!" lowed the Cow. The Beetle chums
Cried wildly "Let's take cover!"
They thought they heard a motor horn,
And feared they'd get run over!

Why Trouble Hodge?

A VISITOR from London bought a pup from a farm labourer in the village, but that night the pup escaped from his new master and ran back to his old one. So Hodge sold him again next day to another Londoner.

When the two purchasers met both claimed the dog, and they agreed to refer the matter to Hodge.

"Didn't you sell him to me yesterday?" asked the first.

"Yessir," said Hodge.

"But didn't you sell him to me this morning?" said the other.

"Yessir," said Hodge again.

"Then whose is he?" they asked in a breath.

"Can't you two Lunnon gentlemen," said Hodge, "settle a little thing like that between yourselves?"

Do You Live at Burntisland?

THE origin of the name of this royal burgh of Fife has always been disputed. The site was probably once an island, and the name may be from Gaelic words meaning The Island Beyond the Bend.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Cross Word Puzzle

Here is the answer to last week's puzzle:

Word Building

Farm, far, main, aim, grain, fig, an, ram, nag, ran, man, arm, air, rain, fair, gain, in, if, am.

A Puzzle in Rhyme: Cambridge

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

March 19, 1927

Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere, except Canada, for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

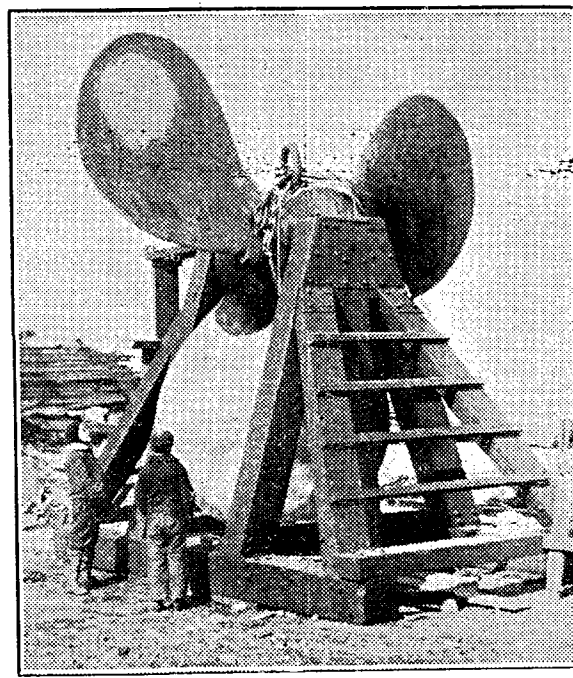
LIGHTHOUSE IN A LANE • ALLIGATOR STEED • MILLIONS WORTH NOTHING



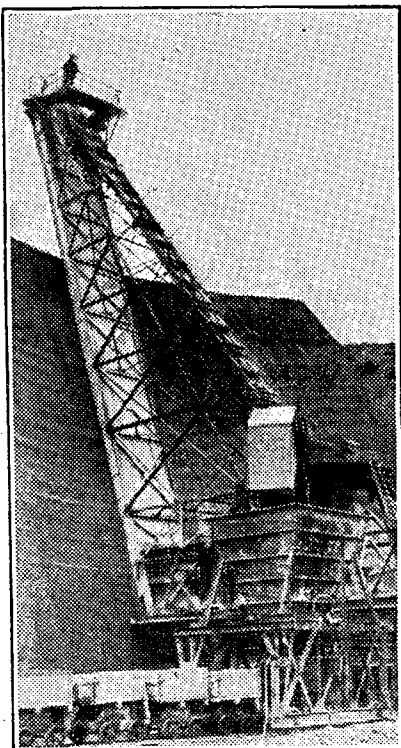
Rescued from the Floods—The heavy rains have caused widespread floods in the South of England, and in this picture we see a motor-cyclist offering a ride to a mother who has been wading with her baby through the floods near Reading



Taking a House Downhill—Houses are often moved bodily from one site to another in America, and here we see a house in Massachusetts being taken downhill to the water's edge, where it was placed on a float and towed to a nearby town



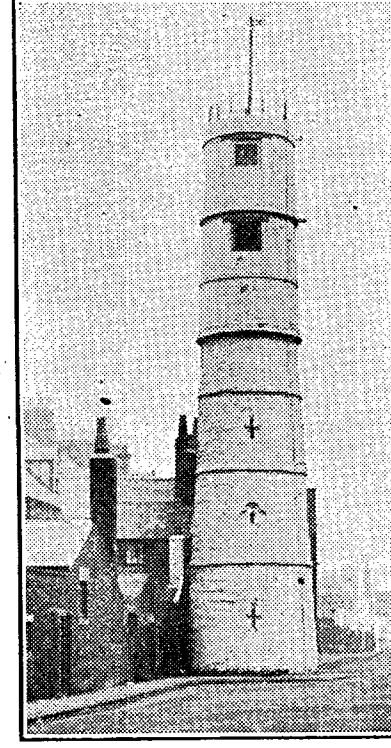
A Giant Liner's Propeller—The great American liner Leviathan has lately been thoroughly overhauled in dry-dock at Boston in readiness for the summer. This picture shows two boys gazing in wonder at the ship's huge propeller



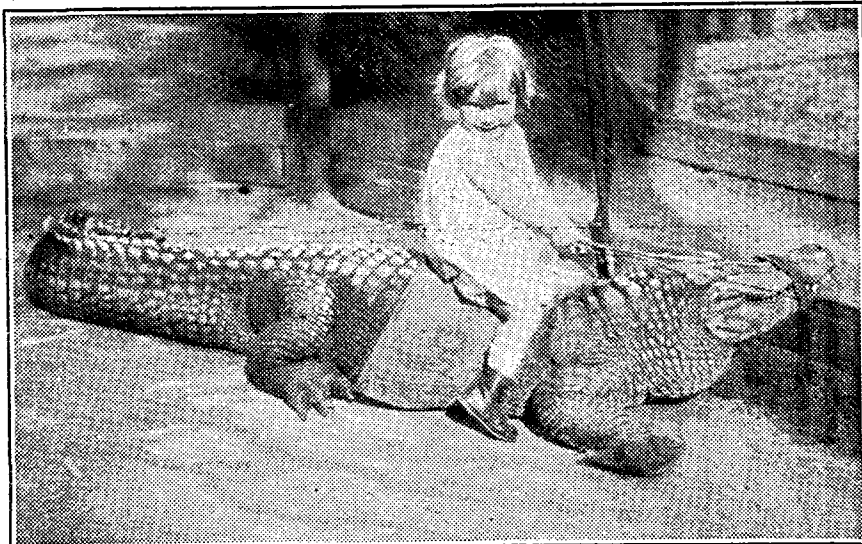
The First Step in Making a Brick—This enormous machine is cutting clay for brick-making. It does the work of 60 men



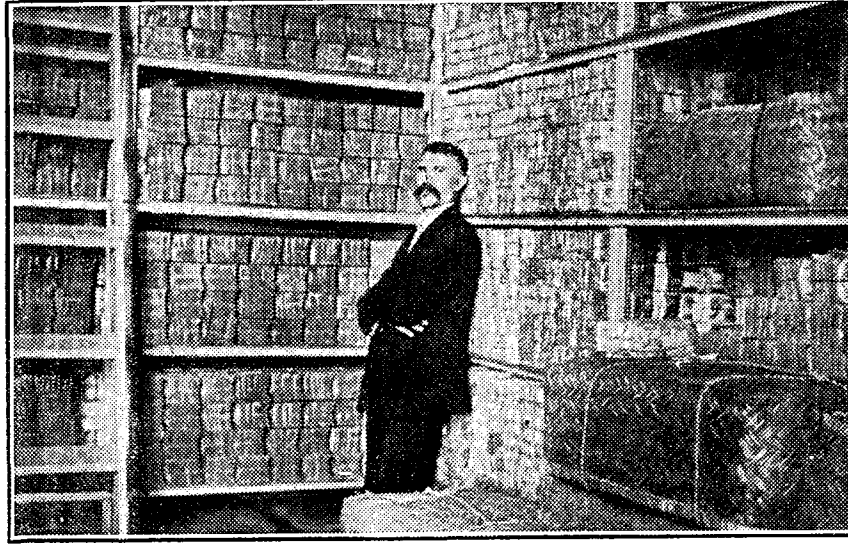
A Jolly Sing-Song—These happy children are awaiting adoption at the Leytonstone Institution of the Homeless Children's Aid and Adoption Society. In the picture they are seen singing together while one of their number waves a baton as though he were the conductor of a great choir



Lighthouse in a Lane—This lighthouse at Blyth is in an unusual place, but its light shines over the houses far out to sea



Riding an Alligator—Here is a little girl at Los Angeles, California, who makes pets of the alligators on an alligator farm, and often has a ride on one of the great amphibians



Millions of Money Worth Nothing—In this room of the Chinese Eastern Railway 29 million roubles in paper money is stored, but as it is of the Romanoff dynasty it is worthless

MAN'S RIVALS IN THE AGE OF SPEED—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR APRIL

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